

The Sketch

No. 1401—Vol. CVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



AND VIOLIN : Mlle. ODETTE MYRTIL, OF "BRAN PIE."

Mlle. Odette Myrtil is the charming French actress and musician who appears as Philomela and The Vamp in two of the Dips in "Bran Pie," at the Prince of Wales'.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

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A BERKSHIRE SHOOT: PICTURES FROM BASILDON PARK.



THE GUNS: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LORD EBURY; MAJOR BOYSE; LORD EDWARD GROSVENOR; SIR MATHEW WILSON; CAPTAIN A. S. WILSON, M.P.; MAJOR J. A. MORRISON, D.S.O.; CAPTAIN P. H. STEVENSON; LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. DU C. NORRIS; AND MR. L. HUGH SMITH.



BETWEEN THE DRIVES: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. E. DU C. NORRIS.



WITH MRS. BOYSE: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR MATHEW WILSON, BT., D.S.O.

Major J. A. Morrison, D.S.O., has had some good sport this year at Basildon Park, Berks. Our photographs were taken at a recent shoot and show Major Morrison's guests, who included Lord Edward Grosvenor,

uncle of the present Duke of Westminster; Lord Ebury, the third Baron, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Mathew Wilson, Bt., D.S.O., C.S.I. The bag was 715 head, and everyone was in good form.



MY niece was late—two-fifteen for one-thirty lunch—but she came at last, all covered in smiles and furs. She had been shopping; she had seen Queen Mary and the Princess shopping, too; and that had been a distraction—imagine anything being a distraction among furs!

"It's impossible to buy furs this year," said a woman opposite.

"Quite impossible," they all buzzed.

And they were all in furs, of course—new furs.

"I've come to the conclusion it would be cheaper to winter in Honolulu," said one.

"Passage, hotels, everything, and you would still save money."

She, too, was in new furs.

"And even if you buy them, you can't keep them," said my niece. "You're marked down by the gang; they pull them off you as you walk to church; they hide under the seats in your motor and treat you as they treated the old lady in the nursery rhyme—cut your coats off up to your knees."

But as I say, they all wore furs. They had paid the quite impossible prices, and had escaped the thieves, so far.

More genuine—perhaps men are always more genuine when it comes to totting up expenses—is the grouse about the cost of hunting and hunting rig-out, just the tailoring side of it.

"Furs do give you your money's-worth, I fancy," I said; "if you divide the cost by the number of times you wear them—say half-a-crown or five shillings every time you put them on, which is nothing compared with the cost of a day's hunting in a coat you wear three or four times in a year, and boots that have to be discarded before you've walked a mile in them."

"Yes, foxes are a luxury," said my niece. "Every brush costs hundreds and hundreds of pounds. And yet you call us luxurious and extravagant because we buy a few wraps to keep ourselves warm in during the winter!"

Such is my niece's way. It was no use trying to explain that I had not called her extravagant, or to tell her that I liked her furs.

"They were really wonderfully cheap, I think," she continued, "considering what you

have to pay for clothes that do not keep you warm at all. I can't work it out by rule of three; but they must be cheap, considering how little there was in that dress which cost me thirty-five guineas. Say they were cheap," she pleaded.

"But you haven't told me how much they were," I said.

"Cheap at any price, I mean," she said. "Surely for really beautiful and useful things it is not necessary to go into miserable details. Supposing they cost me as much as a pound every time I wore them, wouldn't they be worth it? If your hunting togs cost five pounds a day, I must be justified in buying a few sables."

"Talking of hunting and the 'exes,'" I said; "I hear that the Portman Hunt is flourishing, despite a certain shyness on Lord Portman's part. He had hoped to carry it on at his own expense, but good intentions nowadays are vastly expensive."

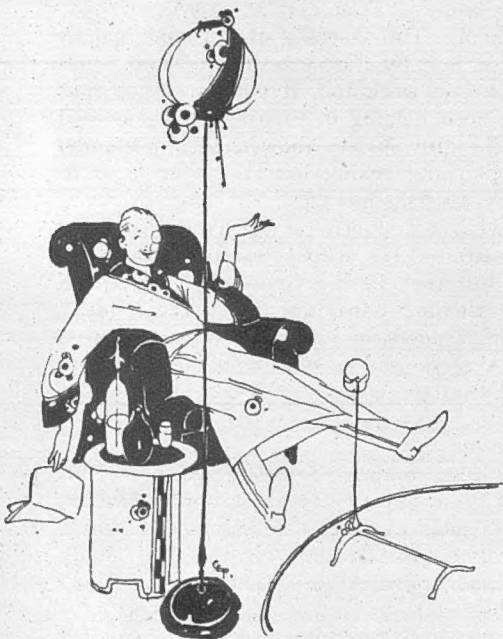
"They need looking into. One has to be very careful," said my niece.

"Anyway," I went on, "Lord Portman has compromised by lending hounds and hunt-horses, and Lord Shaftesbury and other supporters find the necessary funds."

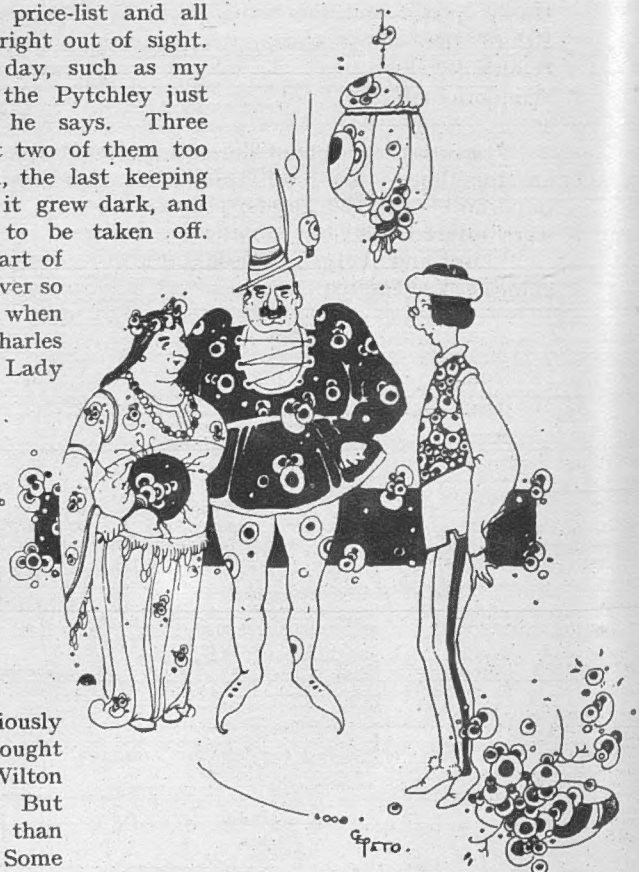
"Well," said my niece, "I suppose you must con-

sider that side of things. But then, suddenly comes a day's hunting which knocks the price-list and all that sort of thing right out of sight. I mean a glorious day, such as my brother had with the Pytchley just lately. Priceless, he says. Three foxes, and at least two of them too clever for the field, the last keeping away so long that it grew dark, and the hounds had to be taken off. That's the queer part of it. The field is never so perfectly happy as when it is beaten. Sir Charles Frederick and Lady Frederick were in command."

I noticed the talk went from fox-hunting to flat-hunting, and I heard something of the troubles of Catherine Lady Decies, who has had reason to think rather enviously of the people who bought her house in Wilton Place from her. But more interesting than either are clothes. Some days people are content to wear them; other days they must talk



2. She based all her hopes on Algy's support as the hind-legs of the horse—but he is going to have a very bad cold to-morrow (Dec. 4). This is his idea of happiness.



3. The Proffeteins (*mère et père*) are going as Romeo and Juliet, with their lovely (!) daughter as a mediæval page.



4. Aunt Babsie has a splendid idea! Little Miss Four-Year-Old on her scooter!

about it, just because that morning he had read Francis Thompson's 'Hound of Heaven' for the first time?"

"But nobody believes in the Differential Calculus man's slip," said my niece; "it's too like a horrid nightmare to be true—the nightmare of the man drawn by du Maurier, who dreamt he went to a dance in his night-shirt—a kind of nightmare that everybody has in one form or another."

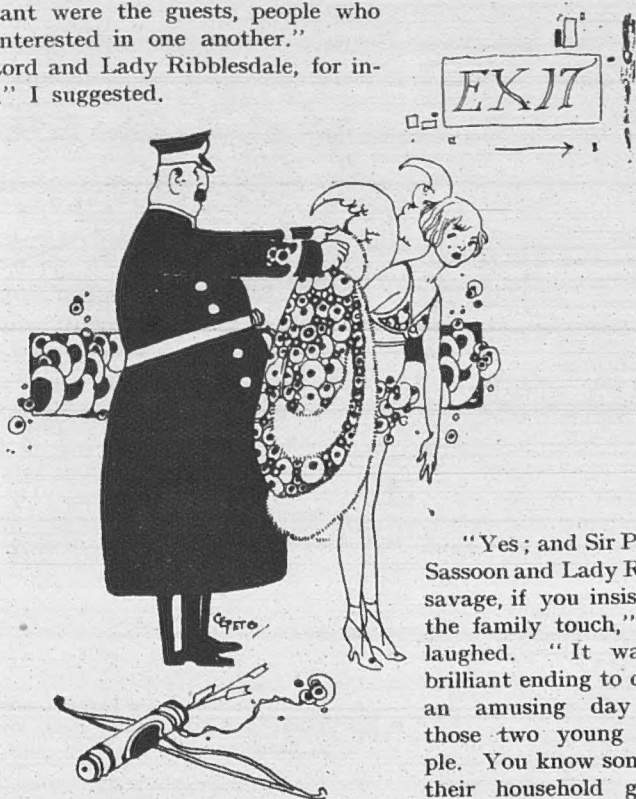
"Not nowadays, my dear," said the woman opposite. "That's a nightmare that has gone out of fashion. Why should one blush in one's sleep for the undressiness one cultivates with a bold face when one is awake? You're *démodé* in your dreams, dear."

"The Queen of Spain made the Cazalets happy," said my niece. "She dined with them first, and afterwards attended their dance—small but very select, and all that sort of thing. Queen Ena was interested because it gave her first-hand knowledge of the way those things are done in England. I fancy she did not find modern dancing quite so hectic as some of the reports had made it."

"Another dance she attended was Lady Wimborne's, at Wimborne House, just round the corner from her old quarters in the Ritz. Before the dance there was a really wonderful dinner-party, beautifully done, very elegant—in every way a triumph for Lady Wimborne and her Lord."

"Beautiful silver and flowers, and an inspired chef—but those are the things that hardly count," said my niece. "Much more important were the guests, people who were interested in one another."

"Lord and Lady Ribblesdale, for instance," I suggested.



6. This is what will happen to Cupid Kitten Cattle to-morrow night.

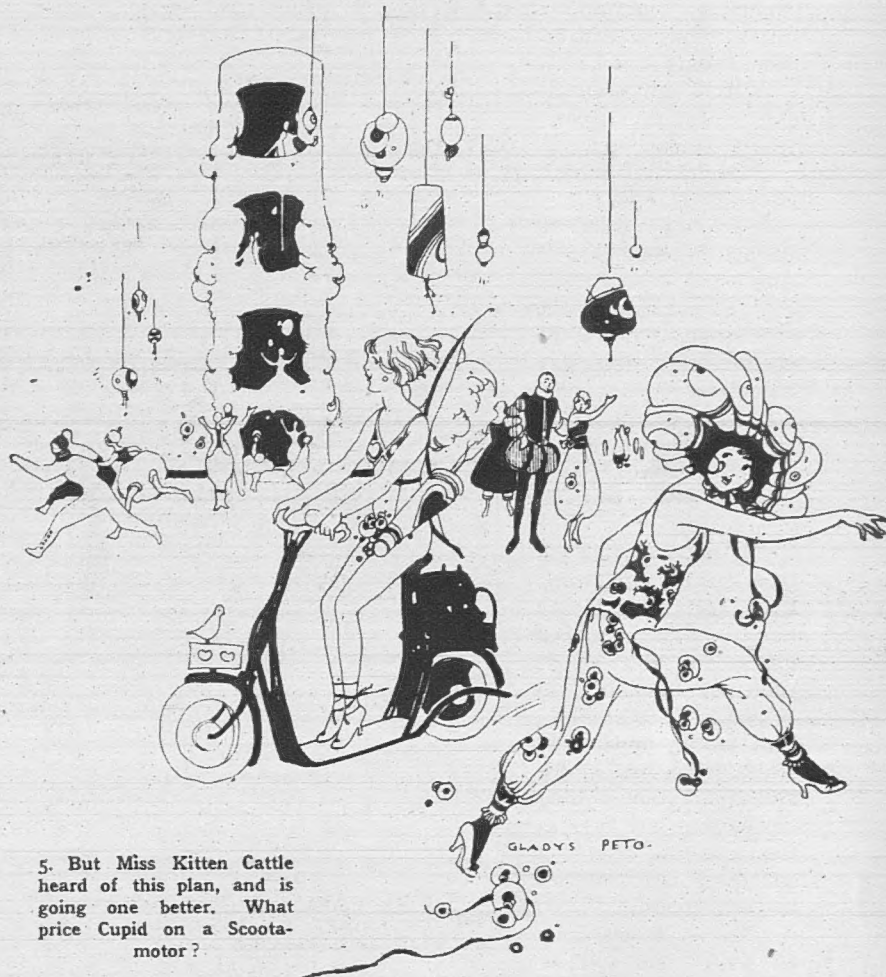
I tried to check this tendency by quoting Lord Fisher, who has been suggesting that really great men have minds above such things—Kelvin, for instance, who one day absently put his necktie in his pocket, and his pocket handkerchief round his neck; and that other "wonderfully clever" friend of Lord Fisher's, who used to think in Differential Calculus, whom he once met, he says, immaculately dressed, but with his trousers over his arm instead of on.

"If Lord Fisher had moved in less spruce and disciplined circles," said my niece, "he would have been able to multiply his instances. You remember about Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who dressed, undressed, and dressed again without knowing anything

Christie's that afternoon—just for a start. Next day the sale went on, with more high prices. Four plates, 3800 guineas; one dish, 1750 guineas; and so on, for little things that the auctioneer could crack in two with the gentlest tap of his ivory hammer."

"After dinner," she went on, "there was a dance; and Lady Wimborne had chosen her dinner guests so well that most of them enjoyed the dance as much as they enjoyed the dinner. The dash of middle-age—of fortitude—blended quite well. Who says the Marquis de Soveral is growing old?"

"I saw Lady Wimborne with Queen Ena in a box at Covent Garden not long before this same famous party," said the woman



5. But Miss Kitten Cattle heard of this plan, and is going one better. What price Cupid on a Scoota-motor?

opposite. "It struck me then that she was surveying the great world with the eye of a prospective hostess, with Queen Ena for referee."

"Mrs. Cazalet, I fancy, found life rather hectic in Grosvenor Square last week. There's nothing like a Sale of Work for dislocating the everyday traffic of a private house," I said.

"But she's only one of dozens of smiling Christmas martyrs," said my niece. "Lord and Lady Strafford lent 5, St. James's Square for just such another sale—a 'Time and Talents' Christmas Fair, whatever that may mean. The Duchess of Rutland opened the sale at 35, Chesham Place, lent by Baroness de Goldsmid; and Lady Beatty (she's had a hectic week too, if you must use that poor word to the bone) has been helping in Charles Street, as well as having dinner with the Cheshire Society (how cheesy it sounds) and with lots of other people, and selling her Aberdour lease to Lady Elgin, and encouraging British opera."

"And, talking of opera, what a wonderful person Hugo Rumbold is!" said the woman opposite. "He scored heavily with those dresses of his at the Ball. But then he's a Guardsman, or an ex-Guardsman, isn't he? And all the Guards are clever these days: designers of damsels' dresses, or poets, or reformers, or musicians—Arthur Bliss, for instance. And we used to look upon them as mere sticks, trying to live up to Ouida's rather lurid conception of a Society hero."

"There are more dances just coming," said my niece. "I've got to find a partner—one of these clever Guardsmen, for preference, so long as he has just a suspicion of the comeliness of a Ouida young man—for the Hyde Park Hotel affair on the 9th. Lady Titchfield is to be there, and she's always very good to see. There are really quite enough amusements to suit all tastes. And I've got them all! The Efficiency Club takes my fancy, and so does the Chelsea Arts Ball. I can be as serious as Lady Rhondda at tea-time, and as flippant as a Cheyne Walk flapper before dawn."

And then, before departing, I heard her giving a harassed hostess the address of Lady Bective's new society for supplying odd labour—the odd labour that's so badly needed to help clear up in homes devastated by Christmas sales. So I know she can be useful as well as ornamental.

MODERN PORTRAITURE : FROM THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.



BY KITTY SHANNON: THE LADY DIANA
DUFF-COOPER.



SUSAN WITH THE SILVER SHIP: BY KITTY
SHANNON.



RAYMOND LODGE: A PORTRAIT BY BERNARD MUNNS.



BY OSWALD BIRLEY: LADY ELIZABETH HESKETH-PRICHARD.

The Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Annual Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries contains portraits of many well-known people. Miss Kitty Shannon, who is in private life Mrs. W. S. Keigwin, is the daughter of Mr. J. J. Shannon, R.A., R.H.A. Her portrait of Lady Diana Cooper in her wedding gown is shown on this page,

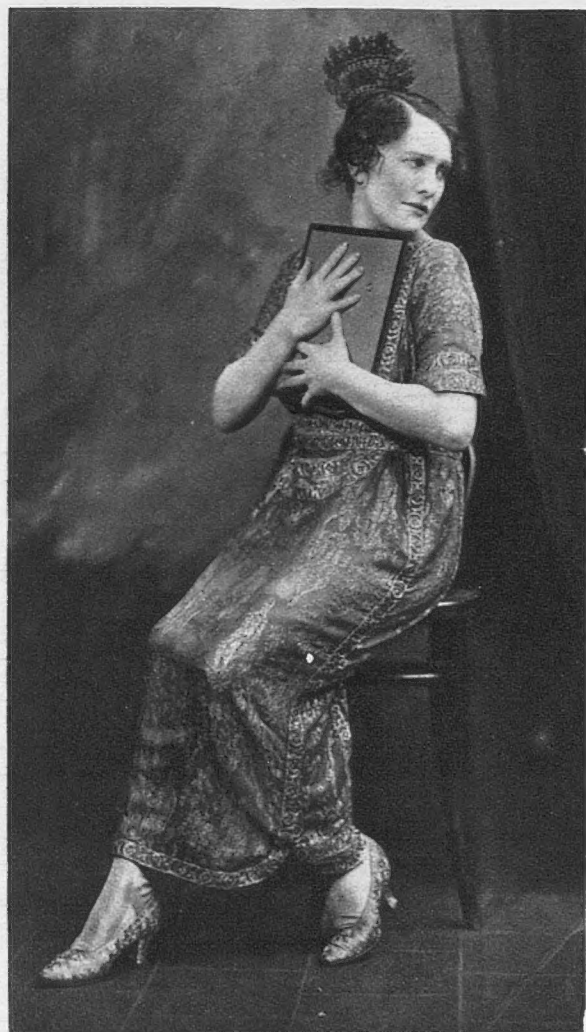
as well as her "Susan with the Silver Ship," which is a likeness of Miss Susan Dudley Ryder.—Mr. Bernard Munns' portrait of Raymond Lodge, the late son of Sir Oliver Lodge and original of "Raymond," has aroused great interest; while Mr. Oswald Birley's portrait of Lady Elizabeth Hesketh-Prichard is an excellent example of his work.

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CARLOTTA: THE HEROINE OF "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."



THE MORNING AFTER "GIVING HERSELF" TO THE FAMOUS PIANIST, EMILIO DIAZ: MISS IRIS HOEY AS CARLOTTA PEEL IN MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE," AT THE ALDWYCH.



SEVEN YEARS LATER: CARLOTTA, HEARING THAT DIAZ HAS BECOME A DRUG-VICTIM, RESOLVES TO REDEEM HIM, AND FONDLES HIS PORTRAIT.

Miss Iris Hoey plays with great charm as the heroine of Mr. Arnold Bennett's new play, "Sacred and Profane Love," at the Aldwych. In the first Act, Carlotta "gives herself" to a famous pianist. In the second Act, seven years later, she has herself become famous as a novelist, and is half in love with her publisher, but renounces him at



THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE: CARLOTTA AFTER SHE HAS REDEEMED DIAZ AT THE SACRIFICE OF HER CAREER AS A NOVELIST.

the appeal of his wife, who tells her that Diaz is now a morphinomaniac. She resolves to redeem him, goes to Paris (in the third Act) and succeeds. The fourth Act shows Diaz once more a concert "star," and discovering, in the end, that life is incomplete without Carlotta.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY WEDDINGS: AFTER THE CEREMONY SNAPS.



LEAVING ALL SAINTS': CAPTAIN ARTHUR HOBHOUSE
AND HIS BRIDE (MISS KONRADIN JACKSON).



AFTER THE CEREMONY: CAPTAIN W. S. McCANN, M.C.,
AND MRS. McCANN (MISS JOY MARKHAM).



AN IRISH WEDDING: THE HON. RICHARD WESTENRA
MARRIES MISS BLACKER-DOUGLASS.

The marriage of Captain L. A. Hobhouse, second son of the Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse, and Miss Konradin Jackson, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. F. Huth Jackson, took place at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens.—Miss Joy Markham, only daughter of Lady Markham, and the late Admiral Sir A. H. Markham, K.C.B., and Captain W. S. McCann, M.C., were married at Holy Trinity Church,



BRIDE AND GROOM: CAPTAIN C. A. WILLIS, O.B.E.,
AND THE HON. CLARE HAMILTON.

Brompton.—The marriage of the Hon. Richard Westenra, younger son of Lord and Lady Rossmore, and Miss Alice Florence Blacker-Douglass, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Blacker-Douglass, took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.—Another wedding was that of the Hon. Clare Hamilton, daughter of Lady Holmpatrick, and Captain C. A. Willis, which was solemnised at St. Brigid's Church, Castleknock.

Photographs by T.P.A., and C.N.

WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK: NOTABLE BRIDES AND GROOMS.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: THE HON. RUPERT ANSON
AND HIS BRIDE (MISS MOLLIE HALLIDAY).



LORD ST. LEVAN'S DAUGHTER MARRIES THE HON.
JOHN PARKER: BRIDE AND GROOM.



THE DEWAR—HEATON-ELLIS WEDDING: THE BRIDAL GROUP.

The marriage of Captain the Hon. Rupert Anson, youngest son of the late Earl of Lichfield, and Miss Mollie Halliday, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Halliday, took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.—The marriage of the Hon. John Parker, R.E., third son of the late Earl and Countess of Morley, and the Hon. Marjorie St. Aubyn, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady St. Levan, was solemnised

at St. George's, Hanover Square.—The Hon. John Dewar, eldest son of Lord Forteviot, and Miss Marjorie Heaton-Ellis, second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Heaton-Ellis, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly. Our photograph shows the bride and groom; best man; and bridesmaids—Miss Heaton-Ellis, the Hon. Janie and Hon. Irene Dewar, Miss Norah Denny, and Miss Gladys Abel Smith.

Photographs by Langfier and C.N.



FEW people, I fancy, can boast that they are interested in sport on or in three elements—earth, air, and water—but Mr. Reginald Pole is in this position, as he is a keen yachtsman (being the owner of the motor-yacht *Orchid*), well known in racing circles, and is the pioneer of aviation insurance in Europe. Those interested in racing tell me that Mr. Pole's jumpers are a promising lot. Mr. and Mrs. Pole live at Long Mill, Weybridge; and he is the chairman of the Wheel and Wings Association, Ltd. Mrs. Pole was erroneously described in one of our recent issues as the sister of the Right Hon. T. McKinnon Wood.



THE WIFE OF A KEEN YACHTSMAN: MRS. REGINALD POLE.

Mrs. Reginald Pole is the wife of Mr. Reginald Pole, of Long Mill, Weybridge, Chairman of the Wheel and Wings Association, Ltd., and the pioneer of aviation insurance in Europe. He is also well known in yachting and racing circles, and owns the motor yacht "*Orchid*."

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

the ten-shilling drop, when all is said and done, is rather cold comfort. We are not to have any more coal just yet; and anyhow, with merchants declaring that they will lose heavily by the new order, the chances are that the wretched "public," who always suffer anyhow, will find itself obliged to contend against all sorts of fresh and ingenious excuses for non-delivery—

When comes the promised day
That coal's controlled
no more,
And buyers say their say
As in the days of yore?

Why is It?

Mention of prices tempts me to put forward a problem for which some reader may possibly find a solution. Why is it that, freed from control, sweet prices are soaring sky-high again? Seven shillings a pound for burnt almonds, obtainable at something between four and five shillings not two miles away, seems to want a little explaining. Further, why is it possible for

a dealer who made a profit at two-and-eightpence a pound to charge, first, three shillings for the same things when there's no longer any price rule? Why, further, should he be allowed to raise with immunity the price another sixpence a few weeks later, and by a further sixpence when the price of sugar goes up a penny a pound? Last of all, why in the world do we stand it? Goodness knows!

Buying Early.

And, since we are talking of prices, things do begin to look as if the Christmas shopping rush were going to be a prolonged, crowded, heating, scuffling, scrambling kind of affair. Already it is becoming difficult to shop in comfort. Whether people are really going to "let themselves go" with the idea of spending a Christmas on pre-war lines, or whether persons with more money than brains are in the majority, is a matter of opinion. There is, however, no doubt as to there being a great deal of money about. No doubt either, if prices are any indication, that the shopkeepers mean to get hold of a nice little bit of it between now and Dec. 25.

A Dress Guide for Newcomers?

The success of Lady Londonderry's first Coalition Reception has already been described. Gossip credits her with the intention of giving another function on somewhat similar lines in the not far-distant future. If entertainments of this kind are going to become general again, it would be a real kindness if someone with an affection for his kind would publish a pamphlet of dress directions for the benefit of newcomers. It is really needed. So many are experiencing the

feeling of going to "shows" of this type for the first time, and some of the clothes worn at Londonderry House suggested a woeful confusion of ideas on the part of their wearers. Even so, one can't help thinking that a moderate allowance of common-sense would have been sufficient to guard the owner of it against sporting a somewhat ancient lounge-suit at an evening function; and have prompted, in another case, the adoption of a more appropriate garb than a thick blanket coat and a not too new beaver hat. Both these sights were observed.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR PEASE, D.S.O.: THE HON. CYNTHIA CHALONER.

The Hon. Cynthia Chaloner is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Gisborough. Her engagement to Major Pease, D.S.O., Durham Light Infantry, has just been announced.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MRS. A. L. HOBHOUSE.

Mrs. A. L. Hobhouse, whose marriage to Captain A. L. Hobhouse, second son of the Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse, took place at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, last week, is the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Frederick Huth Jackson, and Mrs. Huth Jackson.

Photograph by Bassano.



WITH THE PET GOATS: EARL AND COUNTESS BATHURST.

Lord Bathurst, C.M.G., is the seventh Earl, and Lady Bathurst is the only daughter of the first and last Baron Glensk, and is owner of the "*Morning Post*." Our photograph shows Lord and Lady Bathurst at Cirencester House, Cirencester, with Lady Bathurst's pet goats.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

TOURING THE U.S.A.: A PEERESS OF NOTE.



ON HER FIRST VISIT TO THE STATES: LADY SWAYTHLING.

The passion for travel has affected a large section of the British aristocracy, and now that the war is over, actually if not officially, numbers of well-known people are touring different parts of the globe. Lord and Lady Swaythling are in the United States, and have recently been in Washington, where they stayed with M. and

Mme. Slayko Grouitch. M. Grouitch is now the Serbian Minister in America, which is, of course, the birthplace of his wife. Before the war, M. and Mme. Grouitch were in London, and used to entertain a great deal at their house in Pont Street. Lady Swaythling has never been in America before.

Photograph by Harris and Ewing.

TO-MORROW'S GREAT ANGLO-FRENCH FIGHT: THE OPPONENTS.



TO MEET CARPENTIER TO-MORROW NIGHT:
JOE BECKETT.



TO MEET BECKETT TO-MORROW NIGHT: GEORGES
CARPENTIER.



"SO STRONG AND SO GRIM A FIGHTER": BECKETT
IN THE RING.

Never has a boxing match attracted greater interest than that fixed for to-morrow (Thursday) night, at the Holborn Stadium, between Joe Beckett, of Southampton, the British Heavy-Weight Champion, and the famous French boxer, Georges Carpentier. The latter said recently: "Beckett is the most dangerous man I have yet met,

because he is not only bigger than I, but he is so strong and so grim a fighter. Your champion has two things in his favour. He is strong, stronger than anyone I have yet met, and determined—a hard-hitting fighter who can take a tremendous amount of punishment. Yet I think I shall beat him, though not easily by any means."

Photographs by Paul Berger and I.B.

TO-MORROW'S GREAT FIGHT: THE FRENCH HEAVY-WEIGHT.



TO MEET JOE BECKETT AT THE HOLBORN STADIUM ON DEC. 4: GEORGES CARPENTIER.

Carpentier, who is now 25, served in the war as a Flight-Sergeant, and was twice decorated for exploits in the air. Then he became Instructor at the Military School at Joinville-le-Pont. While away from serious boxing he kept fit by playing Rugby football and

running—he is said to be the second fastest sprinter in France. As a boy he worked in the coal-mines at Lens. Since he took to boxing he has had some 70 fights. Carpentier has always been the idol of France, and is as popular here.—[Photograph by Paul Berger.]

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

EXPERT amorist as his novels proclaim him to be, Mr. Arnold Bennett was never more the complete heart specialist than in "Sacred and Profane Love." Every character in the piece has an emotional complication of his (or her) own; and at the end of the evening one looks nervously at the programme ladies, and the man who fails to find you a taxi, and one wonders what variety of heart trouble Mr. Bennett has allotted to them, too, in this uniformly cardiac cast. Really, if he spreads the fatal complication at this rate, he will be turning into "Aunt Popsy" of the "Cosy Hour," or the Flapper's Friend who ladles out the good advice to the numerous subscribers of "H-me Ch-t."

First there was the young lady who went to a concert at Hanley, and then went home with the pianist. Then there was the young lady at that accomplished bachelor's lodgings, who lent her a hat the next morning, and then burst into tears because . . . well, because—you know. Some years elapsed without further *crises d'amour*, because they just happened in between the first two Acts. Supervened a magnificent and successful lady novelist who, we were asked to believe, was the same woman as the somewhat impulsive young person who borrowed the housemaid's hat in Act I. Miss M—rie C—relli (for it could be none other) loved with a wild passion the pianist, whose cabinet photo. adorned her baby grand (*Printer*: for Marie's sake, do not invert the last two words, or there will be Serious Trouble). Meanwhile she carried on with her publisher—a horrible idea: the amours of an author and her publisher



ARTIFICIAL DAYLIGHT: MR. GEORGE SHERINGHAM, THE ARTIST, DEMONSTRATES HIS INVENTION.

Mr. George Sheringham, the well-known artist, who is now having an exhibition of his decorative work—especially designs for fans—at the Leicester Galleries, has just invented a device by which colours are not changed when viewed by artificial light—in fact, his apparatus, which was developed by Mr. Martin and Major A. Klein, late of the Camouflage School, provides a substitute for daylight. Our photograph shows a demonstration. From left to right, are: Mr. Sheringham, Mr. L. C. Martin, and Major Adrian Klein.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

are only comparable for their oddity to a romance between the Official Receiver and a bankrupt.

The publisher's wife was in love with somebody quite different, who hadn't seen her for fifteen years, and died the day before in order to avoid having to play a speaking part in Mr. Bennett's play. So she refused to let her husband leave her and run away with the

lady novelist. You follow the reasoning? No? But this is the psychology of an expert of European (Burslem and Fontainebleau) reputation, and let no dog bark. There was also an old gentleman (amorous and exquisitely acted by Mr. George Elton, who deserves a repertory theatre all to himself), a Naughty Lady in Mr. Bennett's later manner, complete with (and subsequently without) che-ild, and a lady secretary with Hopes.

But let us not in this picturesque procession of love's various victims lose sight of the heroine and her hero. She pursued him, to be brief, to a Foreign

Country, reclaimed him from the ravages of morphine (such a setback, this, to the cocaine which most dramatists give us), Made a Man of Him, restored him to his place as a *maestro* of the pianoforte, and appeared, as we were just leaving the theatre, to be about to marry him, in spite of the discouraging circumstance that they had already summered and wintered fourteen domestic months together. Such is the familiar scenario of what does well enough for a novel; but one finds it a shade scattered as the basis of a strictly unitary play (Loud cheers, in which Mr. A. B. Walkley also joined.)

The best of the piece is Mr. Franklin Dyall's *morphinomane* pianist; his performance in Act III., when he has a nasty look in the eye, involuntary movements of the hands, persecution mania, and one or two other qualifications for the post of popular statesman, is really of the very first order. It recalls the hitherto inimitable nastiness of Mr. Dennis Eadie in Mr. J. B. Fagan's "The Earth," years and years ago. He can act. He should go on acting. Quite a lot. Equally pre-eminent among the males is Mr. Elton; and Mr. Byford has something of the massive charm of Mr. Lennox Pawle.



THE BATH-CHAIR DISCARDED: LADY DIANA COOPER—AND STICK.

Lady Diana Cooper is on her way to recovery, and has discarded the bath-chair.

Photograph by C.N.

Miss Iris Hoey, loose among the serious dramatists of the super-Legitimate, acquits herself considerably well. Her part is an irritating female, and she manages not to irritate us more than absolutely necessary. And her clothes are all that they should be. An adorable cameo is Miss Helen Ferrers as Mrs. H—mphry Ward, calling upon Miss M—rie C—relli to rebuke her as a sister of the pen for her Goings On. Emotional acting of the first class is presented by Miss Hilda Bruce-Potter in the singularly thankless part of the publisher's wife, who puts herself under a motor-bus because a man she didn't care for declined to go on living with her—and even failed (such was her incompetence) to get, as so many of us do, run over. Her hysterical outburst is a piece of rare good work, and contrasts at the other end of the scale of emotion with the splendid stolidity of Miss Watson, who must have been a delightful companion during an air-raid. It only remains to congratulate the designer of the furniture in Act I. on a realistic piece of Victorianism: that sort of thing will be seen in all the stunt drawing-rooms in about twelve months or so.

WINTER SUNSHINE: A PICTURE FROM ANTRIM CASTLE.

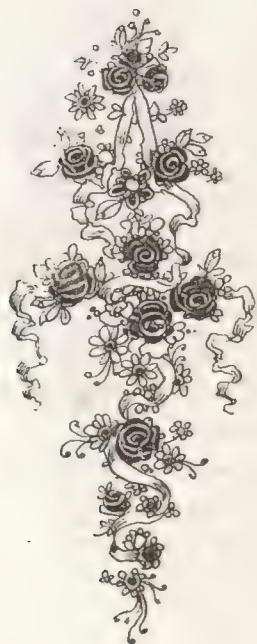
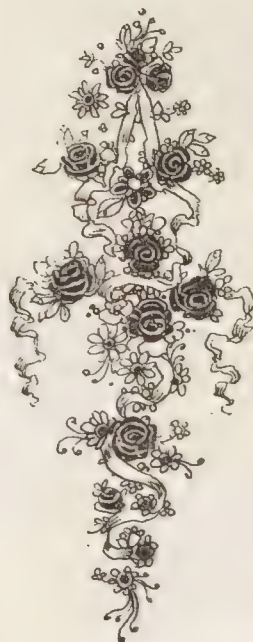


WITH THE HEIR: VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD.

Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard is the wife of the twelfth Viscount, and the daughter of Sir John Ainsworth, Bt., formerly M.P. for Argyllshire. During the war, Lord Massereene was Assistant Q.M.G. on Lord French's staff, while Lady Massereene worked hard at the

H.Q. of the Women's Legion as organiser of the Canteen Section. She has one son, the Hon. John Skeffington, who was born in 1914. Our photograph shows him with his mother at Antrim Castle, and is a charming study of the pair.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

CAUGHT IN MID-AIR: REMARKABLE SNAPSHOTS

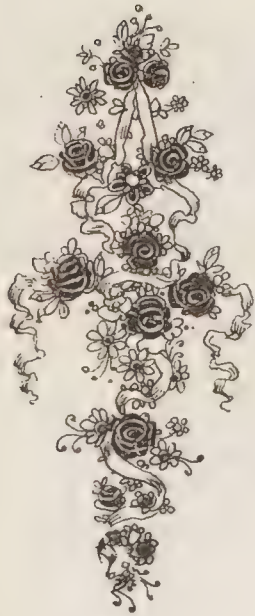


THE LEAPS OF THE CAN-CAN DANCING DOLLS IN "LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE": MME

The wonderful dancing of the Russians has never in the past been faithfully reproduced by the camera; but a new method of lighting for photographic purposes has made it possible to catch such remarkable leaps and attitudes as those here illustrated—movements which seem really to defy the laws of gravity! Mme. Thamar Karsavina and M. Massine are seen in the dances and dresses in which they appear in "La Boutique Fantasque."

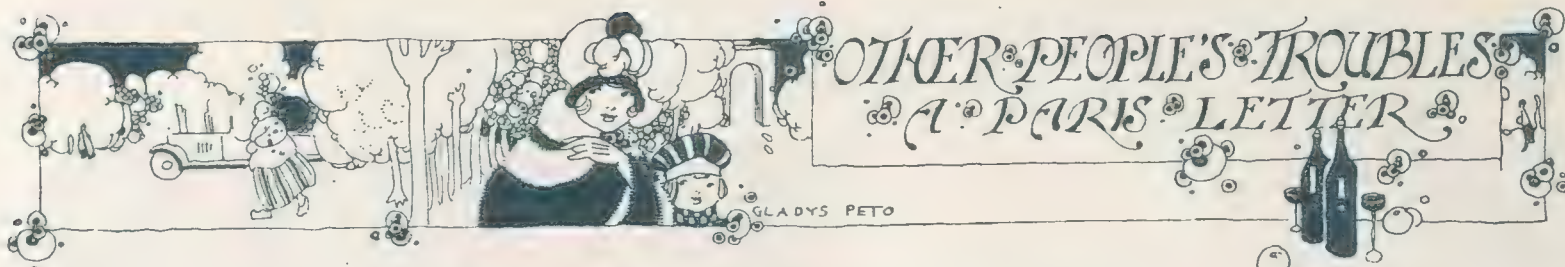
Photog

OF FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCERS IN ACTION.



THAMAR KARSAVINA AND M. LEONIDE MASSINE PHOTOGRAPHED INSTANTANEOUSLY.

as the Can-Can Dancers who are really Dolls in the Toymaker's shop. The Ballet was, of course, one of the great successes of the summer season, and continued its popularity this autumn. It has Rossini's music, and is arranged and orchestrated by Ottorino Respighi, while the choreography is by Massine. The Russians are now in their last weeks at the Empire, as they have a long-standing Continental engagement.



WITH the gathering of the clans for the opening day of the new Parliament, there is much commotion in the capital. The event has given a stimulus to Society functions. It is often said, with a good deal of truth, that most of the important things that happen in French politics are arranged, not at the Chamber, but in the drawing-rooms over which certain hostesses preside. I don't mean that the Marquise X or the Countess Y spoil their pretty faces in puzzling out the tremendous problems of statesmanship. For them, as for the late Lord Randolph Churchill, figures are all unknown quantities and decimals are all "d—dots." But it is so charming to think that your salon is the rendezvous of all the people who really matter, and that in the elegant reunions Ministers are made and unmade. It gives one a sense of importance to be in a delicious conspiracy; and there are at this moment fair plotters reclining gracefully on soft cushions discussing whether Clemenceau or another shall be President of the Republic. Petticoats in politics! Well, if Frenchwomen have not the vote, they have more influence in many public matters than their English sisters. If a man has a dazzling success, if a man suddenly becomes powerless, always obey the old injunction—"Cherchez la femme!"

What particularly favours the resumption of social life is that never since Charlemagne or Louis the Somethingth—or is it since Napoleon the Last?—have there been so many aristocrats in Parliament. They have all titles; there is even a Prince elected—Prince Murat, whose beautiful house near the picturesque Parc Monceau was for some time the residence of President Wilson. It was even then the foremost literary, political, and social centre; but now it will become more than ever the brilliant resort of the *monde*. On the other hand, there are hundreds of new faces from the provinces to be seen in the lobbies of the Palais Bourbon, and the harassed door-keepers are in deep distress. How can they possibly know everybody? And how dreadful it would be if they challenged a Duke! They live agitated moments, afraid, above all, of betraying ignorance and asking somebody with a title who he is!

For many Deputies are comparative strangers to the Gay City. They have lived quietly in the country, and have not even a *piéd-à-terre* here. Hence the anxious search for house-room. As there are no flats or *maisons particulières* to let, they are naturally deploring their lot. Let us hope that painful personal experience will cause them to tackle the housing problem in the overgrown capital—now full from its vaulted *cave* to its attic over the sixth floor—in deadly earnest. If they try living at hotels they will soon be ruined. There is a proposal that the Government should requisition some large building for the use of these homeless M.P.s. Another suggestion is that Parliament should be shifted to Bordeaux—just as if we were still at war!

And yet somehow, in spite of the difficulties of existence, there are brave young couples who take the plunge and who get married with a courage worthy of the great cause. There is a real rush on the

registration offices, and the *maires* and the *curés* are working overtime. My admiration for these gallant lads and magnificent girls is unbounded. Love laughs in these days, not at locksmiths, but at *concierges* who will not take tenants and at coal merchants who will not supply fuel. That reminds me of "Rip," who is our most popular revue-writer. He mocked King Coal so much last year that King Coal haughtily refused him the smallest quantity of combustible. Whereupon "Rip" somehow let it leak out—as these things do leak out—that in his new revue he was going to defend King Coal and show how kind and polite and efficient and unmercenary he is. His cellars are now filled!

The great dress-designers, like Rip, are beginning to let it be known that they are preparing wonderful plans. But, "hush," they cry, "we are overheard!" Keats' Naiad "mid her reeds pressed her cold finger closer to her lips"; and the *couturiers* 'mid their gowns do likewise. They have secrets. They are fearful lest those secrets be betrayed prematurely. What women are to wear next season is already decided, we are told, but there must be no babbling. The moment to spring the surprise will come soon enough. If some miscreant gives them away, as they were given away last autumn, then they are for ever undone. I suppose this kind of hint of mystery arouses curiosity and makes the Rue de la Paix the cynosure of all eyes. We must remember that Paris had a genuine scare. America tried to cut her out. I cannot see the ladies abandoning their allegiance to the French mode; but it is nevertheless considered necessary to put all that has been criticised in the present fashions on the back of New York. New York needs it on her back if it is true that she, and not Paris, initiated the exaggerated *décolleté*!

Indeed, never have I met so many people in Paris who have secrets. It seems that there are any amount of folk who have discovered the authentic system for breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. They darkly assure me that the mathematical method they have evolved is infallible; and I can only shake them sadly by the hand as they get into their train and wish them luck. It is no use talking reason to them. They are persuaded that they have found out all about the mystic laws of *rouge* and *noir*. It is not a gamble; it is a certainty. For my part,

I would be content with the gamble of Prize Bonds. I observe that at home there is a great outcry against such flutterings; but in France the lottery loan has long been a recognised way of raising the wind. The poorest people scrape and save to invest 500 francs—500 francs that may make them independent. They are content with little interest—really, how much interest could they expect on such small sums? What makes them thrifty is the idea that they may wake up some morning to find themselves comparatively wealthy. I don't believe for a moment that this expectation does them any harm, for they are precisely the sort of folk who go on working hard, indulging in dreams but not in illusions.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF A PEER: THE HON. MRS. KENNETH MACKAY.

The Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Mackay is the wife of Lord and Lady Inchcape's only son. She is the daughter of the late Lord Justice Moriarty, and has a son, born in 1917, and a daughter, Patricia, who is seen in our photograph wearing one of the new Victorian models.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

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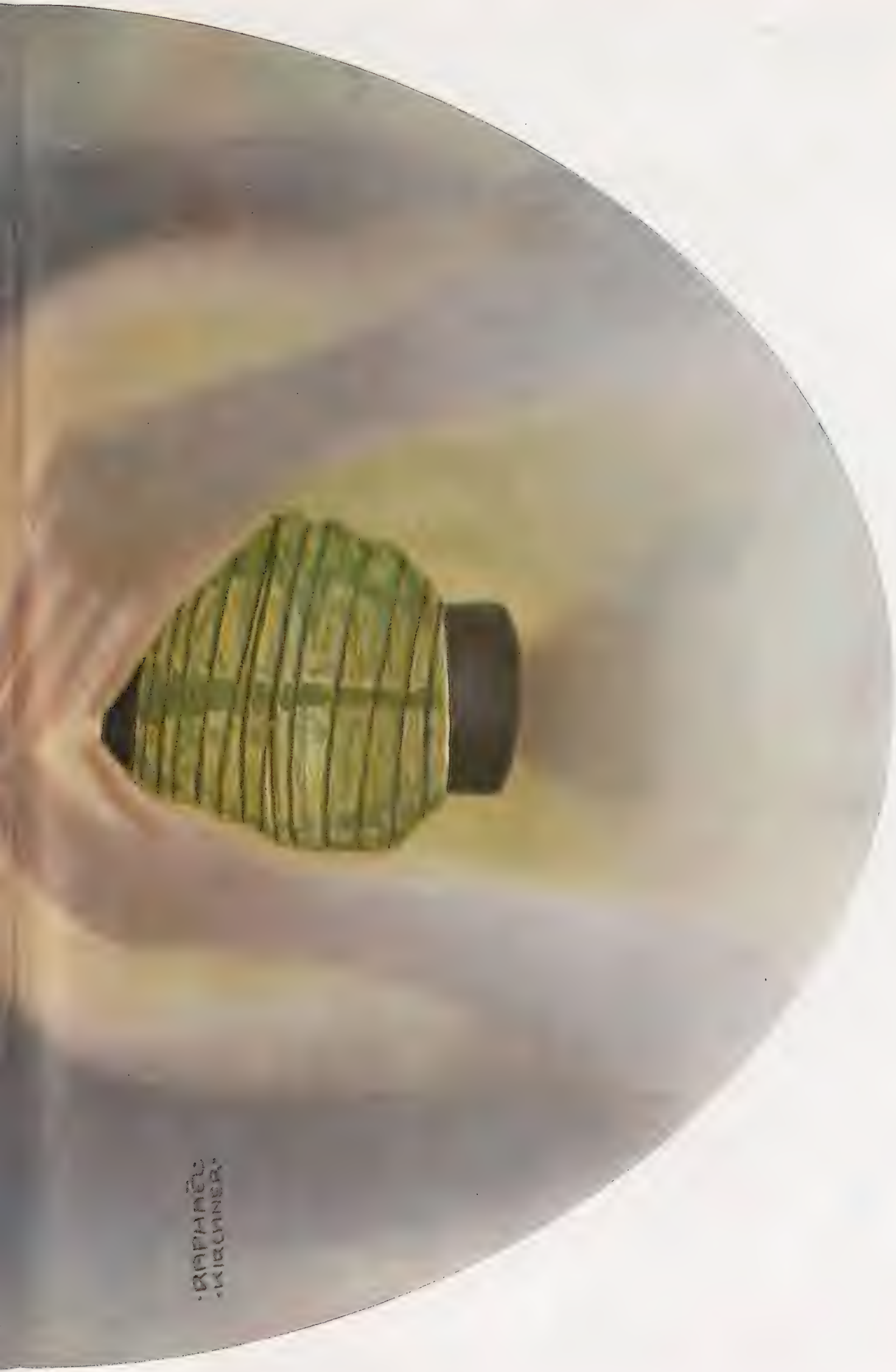
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A SUPPORTER OF ENGLISH ART: LADY CUNARD.

Lady Cunard, the wife of Sir Bache Cunard, Bt., is well known in Society for the enthusiasm and discrimination with which she supports all artistic endeavour. Her latest activity is the organisation of the great Covent Garden Opera Ball, fixed for to-morrow (Dec. 4), which she states she is forced to give because "the State refuses to

support Opera in any shape or form in this country." It is hoped that at least £10,000 will be raised by the ball. This sum will be used to pay for two or three productions which the Sir Thomas Beecham Company wish to give, but at present cannot afford—an object which will appeal to everyone.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

GONE TO GROUND IN HIS OWN PANTRY:



AFTER THE BATH: MR. PERCY FOSTER,
MR. CYRIL MAUDE, AND MR.
GEORGE SHELTON.



BLOGGINS: MR. CYRIL
MAUDE.

IN THE TURKISH
BATH WITH HIS
ELECTROPHONE:
MR. CYRIL MAUDE
AS LORD
RICHARD.

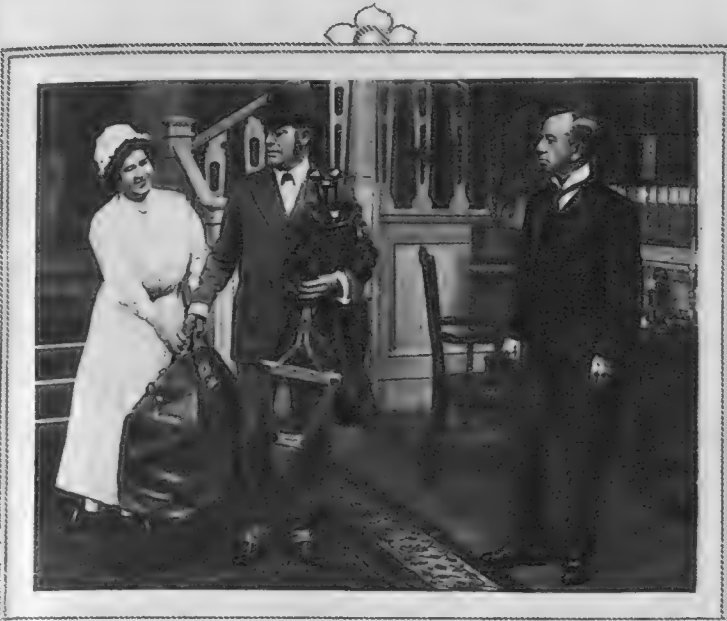


IN THE SERVANTS' HALL: COOK (MISS CONNIE EDISS) OGLES BLOGGINS
(MR. CYRIL MAUDE).

The return of Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Connie Ediss has delighted everyone; and if "Lord Richard in the Pantry" is but pure farce, it is none the less extraordinarily funny when such artists as Mr. Cyril Maude, Miss Connie Ediss, and Mr. George Shelton play it. Lord Richard Sandridge has to disappear—and he goes to ground as the butler in his own house, which is let. He makes a comical butler, from the moment of his arrival, with golf clubs and a tennis racquet as part of his luggage, till his final failure to get a shine on the silver—with boot-blackening. After this Carter

Photographs by Foulsham

MR. CYRIL MAUDE, AT THE CRITERION.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT: COOK (MISS CONNIE EDISS) WELCOMES LORD RICHARD AS THE NEW BUTLER.



THE PAWN-BROKER'S SIGN.

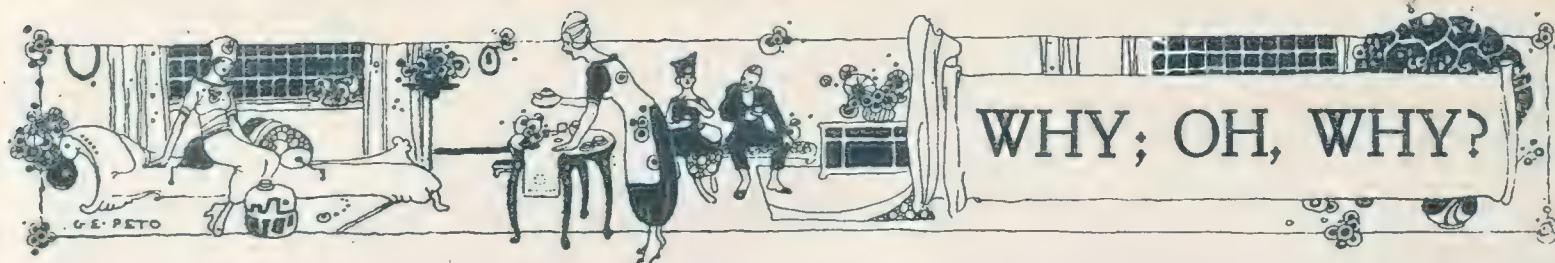


THE AMOROUS COOK: MISS CONNIE EDISS.



CLEANING THE SILVER WITH BOOT-BLACKING: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS LORD RICHARD SANDRIDGE.

(Mr. George Shelton), his own man-servant, comes to the rescue. The Amorous Cook (Miss Connie Ediss) of course falls a victim to the charms of Bloggins, the bogus butler; but Evelyn Lovejoy, Lord Richard's tenant, is his fate, and all ends happily. One of the most amusing moments in the play is when Mr. Cyril Maude, as Bloggins, has to urge on Captain "Tubby" Bannister (Mr. Percy Foster) the need for an immediate call on the pawnbroker, and uses three apples to bring home his point. The lady shown in this photograph is Miss Elizabeth Pollok as Evelyn Lovejoy.



WHY; OH, WHY?

LET us try in this age of perfect candour, when dear Dr. Addison is perfectly candid about his predecessor in office, and his predecessor in office is, for a new-laid Peer, very creditably candid about Dr. Addison; and Lord Fisher is even more perfectly candid about all his contemporaries except Lord Fisher—let us, one breathlessly reiterates, be just a thought candid about the social scene. Because there is really ample room on the crowded contemporary stage for an acid social chronicler who will perform for the *chronique mondaine* the unkindly office which Zola performed with such admirable perseverance and thoroughness for the novel of our fathers. (No, Auntie, there is no need to cover the parrot up: this is not going to turn into a Burning Plea for Frankness and a really bold treatment of the great question, "Should a Girl be Told?").

Romance, in fine, has got to go. They drove it out of fiction when they gave up writing about the impossible emotions of Lady Euphemia Vavasour in her Gilded Boudoir, and took to the publication of solid stuff about omnibuses and third-class carriages, and the misadventures of grubby little men in bowler hats. And it is about time that the same process overtook a few of the industrious little people who are perpetually busy in the columns of all our giddy contemporaries who benevolently engage them to hold the

mirror up to Central London as it is. Aren't we all—if we tell ourselves the truth about it, for a change—getting more than a little weary of the shrill enthusiasm with which all scenes, however dull, and all notoriety, however vulgar and badly got up, are uniformly greeted in these days of falsetto publicity?

Go to any affair you like, form your own judgment of it—and then read about it the next day. And you will begin to wonder whether you can have gone to the right address, or if it really got so much jollier after you went home; or if they have a separate room on these occasions where selected bebies of beauty romp and revel with exquisite distinction for the private delectation of the Recording Angels. Because nobody ever managed to see with the eye of the flesh anything like so brilliant, so elegant, so gay, so *intime* a scene as is invariably served up for the delectation of the people who weren't there. So we must really tone down the colouring a bit, or the poor things won't be able to recognise themselves when they ring

its dulness with the acres of space that it gets in the records of our time. But, of course, the tremendous boom in *mondanités* probably results less from any real brilliance than from a reaction of sub-editors from war conditions. The poor things are so relieved at not having to find space in their dwindling pages for large slices of modern history that they fly wildly to the calmer, freer air of a



"DROLL FELLOW, VERY": MR. ALFRED LESTER AS GEORGE THE WAITER, IN "THE ECLIPSE," AT THE GARRICK.

The Pickwickian dramatic criticism, as practised by "A. B. W.," gives us Mr. Alfred Jingle's comment on Mr. Alfred Lester, as the lugubrious waiter in "The Eclipse." Thus: "A born waiter," interjected Mr. Jingle, "once a waiter always a waiter—stage custom—Medes and Persians—wears his napkin for a night-cap—droll fellow, very."

Photograph by Foulsham and Danfield, Ltd.

for their tea and read eagerly all about themselves the next morning.

To say truth, the social scene, at the moment that it is, lacks distinction to a degree that is quite surprising when one compares



SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY: LADY VICTOR PAGET, WITH HER CHILDREN, "PEGGY" AND "SANDY."

The marriage of Lord Victor Paget, M.C., brother of the Marquess of Anglesey, and Miss Olive Mary Meatyard, better known on the stage as Miss Olive May, took place in 1913. Lady Victor Paget has two children—Peggy Hester Pauline, born in 1913, and Henry Alexander Reginald, born in 1914. Lord Victor has served in France, Egypt, and Palestine, where he won his M.C.—[Photograph by Chesney, Ltd.]

happier day when they can fill the paper with Miss A's charming frilled crutches and Lady B's (or is it C, or one of the other letters?) beautifully decorated ambulance.

But the reality is really a trifle disappointing. Perhaps it is because the wrong people (from the spectacular point of view) have been making all the money out of food and ships and raw material. Anyway, there is no reason why one shouldn't be a bit candid on these subjects. Like this, I mean. "There was nobody in particular in the Park the other morning, and they were all very badly turned out except one obvious dressmaker walking out in part of the stock. The nonentities were all in fine fettle, and several of them were engaged in animated conversations on subjects of no conceivable interest. One man, who knew nobody at all, conveyed an impression of bright sociability by bowing to every alternate tree. The names in the photograph read (from right to left—or, if you prefer it, from left to right) —, —, friend, lamp-post; —, policeman, friend."

Or, again. "The usual crush turned up for lunch at the dear old —. Nobody of the faintest interest was there, but they all endeavoured to attract the maximum of attention. Some were less rich than others, but they all looked equally unimportant. There were some really dreadful people at a large table, and it was all very sufficiently hot and noisy." Do you feel that the preceding would find favour as a substitute for the Gay Scene business? Because it is not so far removed from reality, and it looks to me as though it was just as bright for the reader, and (subject to any little troubles under the law of libel) for the paper. What do you think? Shall we give up pretending that our life in London consists of a constant succession of brilliant encounters with interesting people, or shall we sing the old song and meet dear Lady Popsy looking the Picture of Health in Pont Street?



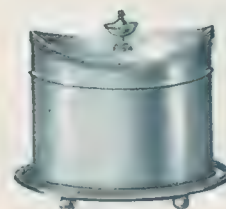
W13470. Prince's Plate
Hot Water Jug, Georgian
Design, 1 pint, £5 0 0



W16636. Prince's
Plate Sugar Dredger
Chippendale Design,
£2 2 0



W18612. Prince's Plate
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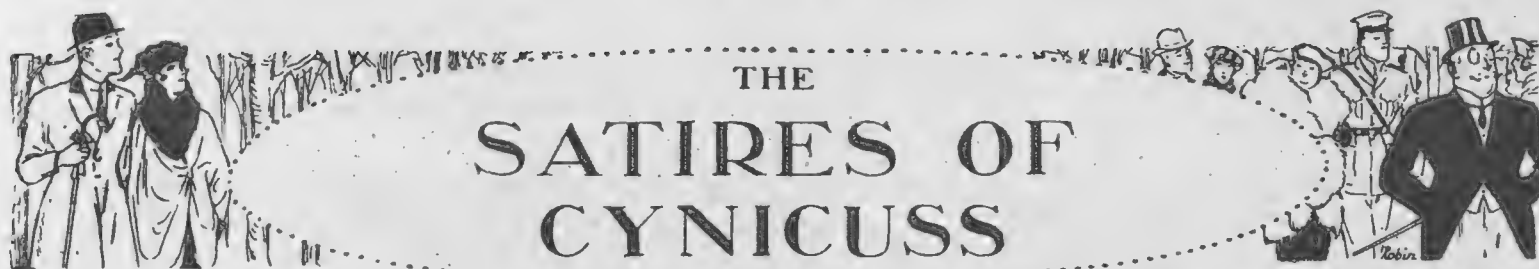
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THE SATIRES OF CYNICUSS

WHAT CANNES CAN BE; OR, THAT CANNY MAN.

BY MARTHE TROLY CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

I CAME upon him in his studio, and caught him obviously unaware as he was gyrating, gliding, and sliding in front of a big cheval glass, which I had always considered as a delicate attention to his visiteuses. I stood a moment unseen, not knowing whether to giggle as I wanted to, or to sympathise with an obviously sad case. "What is up, old thing?" I asked.

He straightened up as a spring, beetrooted to the root of his pale hair, and answered wildly, "Ki-Ki-Kan!"

I backed prudently towards the door, still keeping that indulgent but firm expression no one sees on the face of warders in lunatic asylums.

"Ki-Ki-Kan!" he repeated, advancing towards me with arms—or rather, arm—outstretched.

Discretion is the better part of virtue, as you so aptly say in English, so, as flight was impossible—seeing that I was already in his grip—I smiled sweetly, and, with ghastly pictures passing between my kohled lashes of big-headlined paragraphs, "Discovery in a Studio, Strangled by a Madman," etc., "Is that Hindustani," I asked, "or did you sneeze?"

"You don't mean to say you haven't heard of the new step, Ki-Ki-Kan, Jean Castaner's creation?" challenged Cynicuss at his most superior.

"Alas!" I pleaded, "I must confess I've been sliding back from civilisation. I spent the last three weeks in Paris, where the only dance still new is what they call *Le Jazzband*."

"But—" began Cynicuss.

"I know," I interrupted, "but they think it is, and it hurts no one. We love to use words we are not used to; and while you say *Thés Dansants* here, there they say *Dancing*. It's a little change, though it's the same thing; and steps come and steps go, as steps should! But surely you are a very frivolous young man to be frolicking all by yourself in front of your mirror. I thought to-day was your working day?"

"Is that why you came?" Cynicuss asked with malice.

"Well, I don't like the idea of a man working when I have nothing to do."

"What altruism!" he mocked. "As a matter of fact, I've been working very hard to-day"—with a wide gesture—"planning, don't you know?"

"Town planning?" I asked, following the noble sweep of his hand.

"Well, almost," said he modestly. "I am off to Cannes in a few days."

"Lucky you!" I exclaimed enviously.

"Oh, not for pleasure, Phrynette—hard work, dear old thing."

"Hard work in Cannes? In sleepy, sunny Cannes?"

"That's just it. I am one of a committee that's going to make Cannes hum. Before we are finished with it, Cannes will be the Winter Deauville—"

"A nest of *nouveaux riches*, at prohibitive prices! Well, Cynicuss, if you are going on a profiteering expedition, I won't wish you luck!"

"Profiteering is pious work, when it levies a tax on Vanity," answered Cynicuss sententiously. "A stay in Deauville during the 'Great Week' is a lesson in psychology. It is an expensive lesson, but I had time to reflect in the maid's room at two hundred francs a night—the only room I was fortunate enough to find, and in which I could not sleep!"

"Two hundred francs!" I gasped.

"And a soft-boiled egg at six francs."

"And a soft-boiled egg at six francs."

"I call it hard," I corrected.

"The Duc de Trois Etoiles had to share a bed with a carpenter"—I touched wood—"and Mlle. Pompette of the Folies-Bergère spent a night in her Rolls-Royce. Some people had to sleep on the sands."

"Filson Young and family?" I asked.

"In fact, it was a record season."

"And tearful articles are written on the overcrowding of the poor!" But Cynicuss had no use for philosophical musings.

"You know, of course," he said, "who was Deauville's moving spirit?"

"Gaby Deslys," I answered promptly.

He condescended to smile. "I did not mean moving in that sense. It was priceless fun, though, to watch all the smart and smarting set pushing forward to be 'taken' in the film. Gaby was then working with Harry Pilcer and George Tréville. Do you know who made Deauville?"

"Lloyd George?" I suggested.

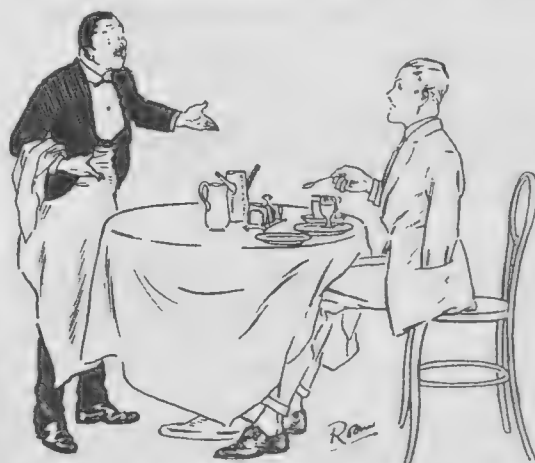
Cynicuss shrugged impatiently—a trick he took from me. "His worst enemy would not go so far." Then, bending down, he whispered a name in my ear.

"Don't know the man," I said.

"You newspaper people!" he sneered, forgetting he is one of us. "You never know facts. I suppose they might hamper your imagination! Well, that man, the man, has his eye on Cannes, and I am off to buy what tumble-down old barn I can get cheap and make a profiteer's palace out of it. We'll yet have a cup of chocolate together at 'La Potimere,' number two Cannes."



"Ki-Ki-Kan!"



"A soft-boiled egg at six francs."



"A nest of *nouveaux riches* at prohibitive prices!"



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SILK AND SCARLET.

THE disqualification of Lord Glanely's Powerful for the Rothschild Plate at Manchester, for which he was not eligible to run, the conditions having been for "maidens at closing," seems to have raised some doubt in some people's minds as to whether, if there were no objection by the owner of any other runner in the race, anything would have happened. This is not so. My own view, and it is one that is supported by what has happened in practice, is that the horse ought never to have been allowed to start by the Manchester Stewards, and that if Barling, the trainer, was guilty of carelessness, so were the executive authorities—in this case, primarily Weatherby's and the Stewards.

The powers of Stewards are sufficiently wide under the Rules of Racing to deal with all such cases; in this instance I personally think the horse should not have been allowed to start. Barling may have been careless, or he may have been under a misapprehension; but the public look to the Stewards of a meeting for protection, and the fact of this horse's running in this race must have influenced the betting quotations—quite apart from the fact that some ready-money transactions on the course were, no doubt, an avoidable loss to the layers. It was undoubtedly known very shortly after the race that disqualification would have to follow, because, although at the actual time of entry Powerful was qualified, he forfeited his qualification in between that time and the time of closing, which was at 10 p.m. on Oct. 21. Booked bets and "s.p." transactions, one would presume, were null and void, because there was "no possibility to win," for Powerful was to all intents and purposes a non-competitor; but booked bets are not the only wagers that are made upon a race, as we all know, and there is always a good deal of wagering in "ready," which, when there is no objection (and as far as the speculators, both layers and backers, are concerned no threat of an objection) is paid over the counter.

Stewards have ample powers in such cases (Rules of Racing, Part III. 12), and there is no onus on any other owner to object, though if he knew he would naturally do so. But, in my view, it is the duty of Stewards to act "off their own bat" in such cases. The time-limit for an objection of this nature is fourteen days from the conclusion of a meeting, and this, under some circumstances, might mean that booked bets would also be wrongfully paid, though it is true that they would eventually be cancelled and the winnings would have to be refunded. The Rule governing a case like Powerful's is 168 (v.). The one thing, however, is that there was no necessity for any owner to object, because the powers that be ought to have refused to let the horse run. Mistakes, of course, will always happen

in the best regulated families; but my point is that Barling was no more to blame than the Stewards who fined him £10 for carelessness. A trainer of Barling's experience would not be such a fool as to start a horse and go to all the trouble of it if he had not been under a genuine misapprehension as to the reading of the terms. The slip arose over "time of entry" and "time of closing." When Powerful was entered he was qualified; by 10 p.m. on Oct. 21 he was not qualified.

The decision in the "Powerful Case" leaves one all confused. I may be a particularly dense person, but the ruling of Tattersall's Committee, which directs that backers of this horse are to lose, seems to me to be a ruling in direct support of first past the post wagering. This horse was not qualified to run in this race any more than a four-year-old is qualified to run in the Derby. He ran

and won, as a four-year-old once managed to run in and win the Derby. The two cases, although not on all-fours in one respect—in that there was no suggestion of fraud in the case of Powerful—are so in another sense. A four-year-old is *de facto* disqualified from running in the Derby; Powerful was *de facto* disqualified from running in this race at Manchester the moment he ceased to be a maiden before 10 p.m. on the day that the Rothschild Plate closed. Why, then, are not backers entitled to the same protection as that which would undoubtedly be their due if a colt managed to win the Derby, not being qualified under the conditions of that race so to do?

King John's success in the Manchester November Handicap was said, so I observe, to be because he ran true and put it all in,

which he was not supposed to have done in the Cesarewitch, in which race he had won at 1½ miles; but I think there is always too great a tendency to brand a horse a rogue without taking into consideration surrounding circumstances. The going at Newmarket on Cesarewitch day was as hard as the high road; the going at Manchester on the last day of that meeting was the other way—judging by what one's experiences were out hunting on that Saturday, I should say very much the other way. I did not travel north to see the kick-end of the flat-racing, believing it to be better for my physical health—and my banking account—to go out and pursue the fox in the south; and I do not think I have ever ridden over such holding country. They have probably had more rain up in the north than we have had in the south, so I can well imagine what the Manchester course must have been like. Captain Loder's horse was very well supported; and the stable, so I hear, were confident, in spite of the aspersions on his courage and honesty. Every horse that is sent out in blinkers, however, is not a rogue, and, personally, I should much doubt whether this one is:

[Continued on page 251v.



STEVE DONOGHUE'S DINNER: A PARTY OF FAMOUS JOCKEYS.

Steve Donoghue recently entertained a party of his brother jockeys at dinner at Romano's to celebrate his heading the list of winning jockeys. Our photograph shows Donoghue at the head of the table.

Photograph by S. and G.



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is behind the products of Messrs. Allen & Hanburys. Their Foods for Infants give the variation offered by no other dietary—three different foods suited to the advancing stages of infancy. These form the only consistent system of hand feeding available for the mother. They have the same superiority over the ordinary dried milk preparations that mother's milk has over cow's milk.

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CUTTING TIMES ON THE AIR ROUTES.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

RATHER a pretty argument arose the other day, between some people concerned with civil aviation, as to whether the various air lines now in operation are, in fact, running in the way best calculated to impress the general public with the usefulness and reliability of the aeroplane as an ordinary transport vehicle. The argument turned on the question of whether people were most likely to be impressed by astonishing speeds or by unfailing regularity. The "anti" argument was that it is all very well for the owners of a London-Paris Air Line to bruit abroad the fact that one of their machines has flown from London to Paris in two hours, or that on a calm day both the London-Paris and the Paris-London machines did the journey in two hours and a quarter, but that the ultimate effect was bad.

Wrong Impressions of Speed.

The badness, it was alleged, consisted in the fact that people got it into their heads that two-and-a-quarter hours was a fair and reasonable time for the journey, and that anything more was unreasonably slow. Consequently in a period of strong south-easterly winds, when the London-Paris journey might take three-and-a-half hours, the public would begin to think that the air line was not keeping up to its collar, so to speak. Also, every time a machine did an extraordinarily fast journey with the help of a favouring wind, and the speed was largely advertised, the ignorant would expect more and more speed from the machines.

202 m.p.h. with a Wind Behind.

For example, the ordinary time of the "Airco" machines from London to Paris and vice-versa, is between $2\frac{1}{4}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, in moderately calm weather. But on a recent occasion, Captain Gathergood, on a specially fast machine, made the journey in 1 hour 20 minutes. As soon as this time was advertised, the Martinsyde firm reminded the world that one of their machines, flying with despatches to the Peace Conference in April, and piloted by Captain Jefferson, made the journey of 253 miles from Hendon to Buc in 75 minutes—a speed of 202 miles an hour. Admittedly there was a strong north-west wind behind the machine, and admittedly Captain Jefferson flew a "compass course" to Paris, crossing the Channel diagonally to Dieppe, instead of taking it at the narrowest point between Dover and Calais—and thus increasing the risk of falling

in—but there stands the time as the fastest journey ever done between London and Paris. Consequently—so the "antis" claim—the public regard 75 minutes as being a proper time for the journey, and consider 150 minutes unduly slow.

Risks of Time-Cutting.

The result must be, according to the said "antis," that pilots will always try and cut their times, and will take undue risks in doing so. They will take the compass course across Channel to save going round by Calais; and if there is a strong adverse wind at the higher levels, they will come down dangerously low to try to get out of it. They will run their engines "all out" the whole time, and so increase the risk of breakdown, and they will do other dangerous things. Therefore, the "antis" argue, it would be much better if the controllers of the air lines would forbid time-cutting, and would insist on their pilots flying to schedule time. If the wind is with them they should throttle down and fly at their lowest cruising speed, thus saving fuel, and wear and tear of engines; and they should be ordered to pass certain fixed points on the course, such as Calais, Amiens, and Beauvais, at fixed times. Before the war the regulation time from Paris to London was about eight hours. If the time taken by aeroplanes in all weathers had always been a perfectly regular three-and-a-half hours the public would have been just as much impressed with the gain in speed as they are now by a two-hour journey (which is not possible as a regular schedule time for all weathers), and would come to regard the aeroplane as being as reliable as a railway train.

The Last Word for Speed.

There is something in the argument, but personally, one inclines to the belief that sheer speed is the best advertisement. People remember the best speed and forget the slower performances. One remembers that 120 miles an hour has been done by a motor-car, and forgets that few cars can beat 50 miles an hour. One remembers the non-stop railway runs to Crewe at an average of 60 miles an hour, and forgets that average railway speed, including local stopping trains, is probably less than 20 miles an hour. So let the air line machines cut times, and advertise the fact, so long as they do not cut the Calais corner and fall into the Channel too often.



ATTEMPTING THE AUSTRALIA FLIGHT: THE CREW OF THE BLACKBURN AVIATION COMPANY'S "KANGAROO."

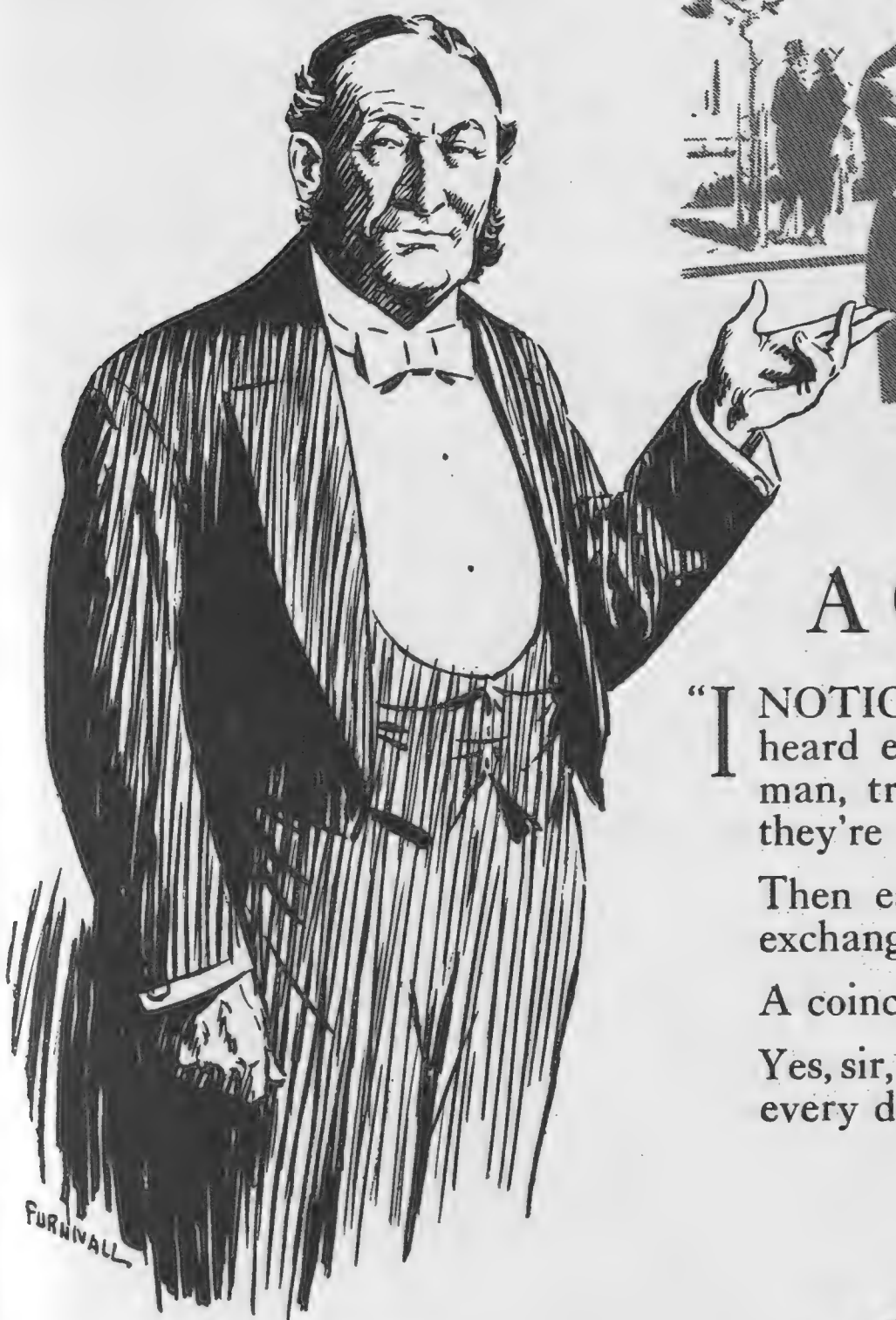
The "Kangaroo" recently left Hounslow Aerodrome for their great attempt on the £10,000 flight to Australia. The figures are, from left to right: Captain Wilkins, M.C. (and Bar), Navigator; Lieutenant Rendel, 1st Pilot; Lieutenant Williams, 2nd Pilot; and Lieutenant Potts, Engineer.—[Photograph by C.N.]



THE FIRST AIR "BLACK MARIA": A SAN FRANCISCO AVIATOR DELIVERING AN ACCUSED MAN TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

Mr. Ivan R. Gates, San Francisco's first air-policeman, of the Police Department Aerial Patrol, is here seen delivering an accused man to Chief of Police D. A. White, at the Marina, San Francisco, after having brought him by the sky route from Alameda. This is said to be the first instance in the world of a police prisoner being conveyed by aeroplane.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



A Coincidence

"I NOTICED them meet, sir, and heard each exclaim: 'I say, old man, try one of these cigarettes, they're a revelation.'

Then each produced a case and exchanged—a Kensitas.

A coincidence?

Yes, sir, a coincidence that happens every day."

Jenkin

"There's only one thing
as good as a Kensitas—
that's another Kensitas."

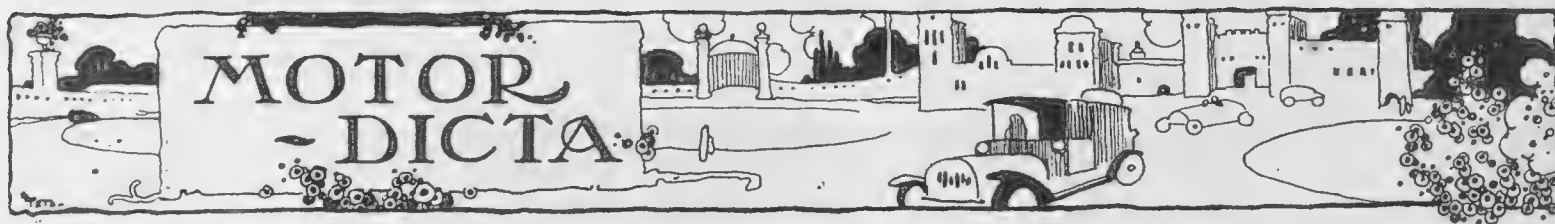
Kensitas
EXTRA LARGE
VIRGINIA
Cigarettes
20 for 1'4

50 for 3'3 100 for 6'4

Of all High-class Tobacconists.

See the name on every box and cigarette.

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THE AUTOMOBILE BEANFEAST—A £6,000,000 LUNCH.

By GERALD BISS.

BY the time these lines are in print we shall know all that there is to be known about the £6,000,000 "Bean" trust, as immediately I have posted this I am off to the Great Beanfeast at the Savoy, to which I, in common with many other scribes and Pharisees, am bidden in order that all things may be revealed unto us. As it is, we know most of it, and have done for the past month or so; and I can write freely upon the subject without in any way infringing upon the private note covering the invitation. Frankly, I am not myself a lover of trusts and combines; but here I am the first to see, whether some folk in the trade like it or not, great potentialities for production—which is the essential of the moment. I don't suppose that anything has brought home more to the engineering industry in this country its own impotence and the interdependence of labour (no capital "I," please, Mr. Printer, as to me that always seems to savour of deliberate intention to cause dissension upon the part of theoretical political economists and such folk who write rabidly in the air from one extreme or the other) than sectional strikes and the all-round hold-up by one cog in the wheel sticking, and, equally, failure of material from any one point at the psychological juncture of immediate requirement. No steel, no auto; and, very topical, iron-moulders disgruntled, and the whole automobile industry is seated upon its haunches beerily discussing the situation and cursing Capital (some capital this time, please) and all its obvious shortcomings in the way of weekly wages. And, as a top-dressing, the Scotch, ever a super-sympathetic nation, upon the very day of this £6,000,000 lunch (no, that's wrong; shades of Lucullus, I only wish it were, speaking as a dyspeptic epicure!) are coming out to grow iron-mouldy as well, until such time as their wives and weans ironically thrust the iron into their sympathetic souls.

A Great Industrial Chance. This combine, as I read it, is designed upon sound engineering principles, that part may fit part automatically, and no cog clog mass-production upon the best-quality British lines—not the car ambitious so much as the car useful, designed to meet invasion on one side, and the immediate demand of the none-too-well-off public on the other, all the while co-ordinating and insuring employment for a vast army of ready-to-workers at home, Capital meeting Labour with both hands, to the benefit of the public. Cannot such an ideal be even more definitely co-ordinated within itself under agreement and free from outside troubles and ill-omened influences? Why not a coalescence of all interests involved to insure co-operation? It is a great industrial chance.

Recipe for Purée of Beans.

And the constituent parts—first, the Jack behind the Bean-stalk is one Whitcomb, originally the Motor Union Insurance Company, and now a man with many fingers in many millionaires' pies, including the British Motor Trading Corporation, the Road Club (for social purposes), and various other things, including dabbling in newspaperdom. Then the "Bean" itself, which is the part that gives the whole its concise monosyllability—Messrs. Harper, Bean, and Co., with their immense works at Dudley, Tipton, and Smethwick, who are responsible for the "Bean" car—once upon a time the "Perry," but no connection with Sir Percival of that ilk; the "Vulcan" of Southport; the "Swift" of Coventry; the British Motor Trading Corporation, itself only floated last May for over a couple of cool millions; the Harvey Frost vulcanising business; Rushmore's, for lamps and electrical apparatus; Jigs, Ltd.; Gallay's; the Regent Carriage Company; Alex. Mosses, Ltd., for radiators; one or two others possibly; and, last but not least by any means, a big Sheffield steel business, which I opine, writing before any official announcement, from information received and internal evidence, to be Hadfield's or a part or subsidiary thereof. There were rumours at Olympia that it had swallowed the Angus-Sanderson within its maw, but that was borne on the back of a lying jade—for it turns out that only some old works have been bought up.

Bile Beans for Yankee Billionaires. This, it must be admitted, is quite a substantial proposition and the nucleus of great things—*αὐτάρκεια*, like old Plato's ideal state; and to command success in these days of flux and kinematographic uncertainty any big undertaking requires to be self-sufficing, or as self-sufficing as can be. I welcome this big financial beano as not being contrary to the public interest, but in the best interests of the public, designed to produce the best article upon the most economical quantity-cum-quality lines, and to give the best value for what people call money nowadays by reason of its own very self-containedness—and, of all things most important, to repel invasion. If ever it shows signs of becoming a danger to the public, like some trusts and combines I wot of, I shall be the first to signify my disapproval in the ordinary way, as they say, and to put my doubts upon paper in red ink and no uncertain style. American invasion, impending and mighty dangerous, must be met by no half-hearted measures. Hence these Beans in their billions—or at any rate their millions. In closing, this was written before the Beanfeast, not after, owing to the exigencies of the printing presses.



THE ITINERANT PARASOL! A MOTOR-SCOOTER ACCESSORY.

The motor-scooter is a great feature of the Motor-Cycle Show at Olympia, and some of its accessories are of a distinctly original kind. Our photograph shows a parasol attachment for summer use!



THE SIDE-CAR DE LUXE: A NEW MOTOR-CYCLE DEVELOPMENT AT OLYMPIA.

The latest phase of the motor-cycle and side-car, as exhibited at the Motor-Cycle Show at Olympia, is well illustrated by our photograph, which shows a side-car that rivals an electric landaulette in comfort.—[Photograph by C.N.]

first to signify my disapproval in the ordinary way, as they say, and to put my doubts upon paper in red ink and no uncertain style. American invasion, impending and mighty dangerous, must be met by no half-hearted measures. Hence these Beans in their billions—or at any rate their millions. In closing, this was written before the Beanfeast, not after, owing to the exigencies of the printing presses.



Let your Xmas "GIFT" be an "Old Bleach" Table Damask

WHAT could be better to give—what could be more delightful to receive—than an "Old Bleach" Pure Irish Linen Table Damask? It would be a source of intense pleasure every time it was used and a reminder of your kindly thought for years to come

"Old Bleach" Table Damasks are famous the world over for their remarkably fine quality, snowy whiteness and great durability; while the refined beauty of their designs—reproduced, in many cases, from rare old English porcelains—makes them particularly acceptable to all who appreciate artistic effects in their home appointments

Write TO-DAY to Randalstown for free Portfolio containing Ten Beautiful Designs based upon celebrated Old English Porcelains, and List of Addresses in the Provinces and London at which they are obtainable

The beauty of design which glorifies "Old Bleach" Damasks is given permanence by absolute purity and slow sun and grass bleaching of the linen. Used and laundered with reasonable care every "Old Bleach" Table Damask will last for years and retain its lustrous quality unimpaired



REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Look for the "O.B." Trade Mark woven into the four corners of all genuine "Old Bleach" Table Damasks, for it is a guarantee not only of absolute purity but also of an undertaking to replace all goods that prove unsatisfactory

"OLD BLEACH" PURE IRISH LINEN DAMASKS

Made only by

The "Old Bleach" Linen Co., Ltd., Randalstown, Ireland



The Great Rush. The Christmas shopping carnival has begun; it began long ago. It's some weeks now since the first enthusiast, armed with a nice string-bag—for it's still wise and desirable to take home your own parcels—started off, list in hand, to get the practical gifts that will be most acceptable this year. Last year was not the real thing. It's true the war was over: we all felt that fighting simply could not break out again: Still, it was only Armistice time, and the war was still too recent an event to allow of the process known as "letting oneself go" being freely indulged in. This year things will be quite different—and so will presents.



Gold and silver and beautifully designed coloured shoes, not to mention the most alluring buckles, are displayed at the house of Gooch.

necessary to the receiver—like shoes, for instance, of the kind that flourish at Gooch's, in Brompton Road, S.W. There, at least, the artist in leather and brocade seems to have discovered ways of making the least attractive feet things of beauty; and new designs in buckles, as well as novelties in shoes for evening or boudoir, and even practical everyday wear have been prepared for the benefit of the Christmas shopper. Dolores illustrates some of them, but there are plenty of others from which to choose.

Something Different.

Boudoir shoes in green morocco, built on Grecian lines, are the kind of thing any woman would like to find on her plate; and one's pleasure in dancing would be at least three times multiplied if only Fate sent along a pair of pale-blue and silver brocade slippers, with a flower-spray in mock diamonds—with each blossom composing it centred with a sapphire—doing duty for the more ordinary buckle. But perhaps the chiefest attraction in the literally shining rows of shoes is a Christmas model with a golden front and Louis heel, and a back of gaily coloured Oriental brocade. There is a strap across the instep—not so much because it is necessary as because it affords an excellent opportunity of displaying the charm of a novel ornament—a moon and star in paste and sapphire connected by three chains with the glittering, fringed, brilliant "stud" that appears on the front of the shoe. Dainty slippers in brown and black and grey brocades, others in plain silver and gold tissues, are included

Practical Presents.

Practical presents are not new, but just now the term has a new meaning. In the old, pre-war days it covered lace nighties as well as an antique chair or a Jacobean bed. The post-war practical present is quite different. It is being interpreted to mean something that is really

in the collection, and the selection of buckles is comprehensive enough to meet every taste.

A Sweet Argument.

There have been people, perhaps they are still about, who regarded an offering of soap as a personal insult. Why, it is hard to imagine, for good soap has always been something of a luxury, and few can afford to be luxurious. But the woman, or man either, has yet to be made who would feel indignant at a gift of soap—or, for that matter, of anything else—that came from the salons of Dubarry et Cie., 81, Brompton Road, S.W., where the art of perfumery, whether applied to mere scent, or to soaps, powders, bath-crystals, shaving-cream, and other toilet accessories, is better understood than anywhere else in London.

Beautiful Setting.

It is not easy to give advice when confronted with hundreds of charming trifles all of which appeal to the æsthetic as well as the olfactory sense. For Dubarry's believe in beautiful settings for their specialties. Whether you get the smallest size bottle of scent—and there are about five dozen varieties to choose from—at 7s. 6d., or the largest at, say, £3 3s., the setting will be equally attractive. There is an indefinable charm about the little wooden bowls filled with "Silkashave"; and the single cakes of soap fitted in gaily covered boxes are a literally sweet form of remembrance calculated to delight the recipient. It is quite impossible to give a detailed description of the Dubarry preparations, and equally out of the question to describe the rather special Christmas novelties in the way of coloured glass and gold bowls and bottles into which to put them. Personally, I suggest a visit, and an early one, with a special view to the bath-salt section, where the bowls and jars are thoughtfully shaded the colour of the contents.

No one cares if it snows when they happen to have a pair of fur-lined, fur-backed gloves from Peter Robinson, Regent Street.

New Ways of Doing It.

"We learn new ways of apologising every day," a courteous head of a department is reported to have said to a customer, flaming indignation over a pair of unsatisfactory gloves. Perhaps it was true. Anyway, the moral is obvious—don't go where the people will have to apologise either in old ways or new. In other words, get Christmas presents at the Regent Street house of Peter Robinson's. As I've already emphasised the welcome awaiting the truly practical present, no apology is necessary—it wouldn't be in any case—for drawing attention to stout "Cape" gloves covered in tiger-cat and wild-cat fur. Real opossum, seal musquash, and ordinary musquash are used for the same purpose; and with a severe winter in prospect what could be more grateful and comforting?



From Dubarry comes all the fragrance of the world—all exquisitely packed and ready to grace the dressing-table of the most fastidious.

(Continued overleaf.)



*Born 1820—
still going strong.*

“‘A man is as old as he feels.’”

“Yes, but ‘Johnnie Walker’ is as old as it tastes.”

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths.

Always in the van of progress, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, whose *only* address is 112, Regent Street, have broken their own splendid record this season. Their jewellery is not only magnificent value and of the best in workmanship, gems, and style, but is very novel and also very lovely.



NOVEL JEWELLERY: A "MERRY-THOUGHT" RING; A DIAMOND, EMERALD, AND ONYX PENDANT; AND A BROOCH. (THE GOLD-SMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS CO.).

made by the good old British firm of Barker and Dobson. Their genuine Everton toffee and walnut toffee have for many years been favourites. In more recent years they added the highest class chocolates to their productions. They are made in the most modern method in new works at Everton, the Barker and Dobson lunch chocolate, dessert, and bonbon chocolate being in deservedly great favour. It is manufactured by a special process which has hitherto been known in one or two Continental centres, and goes far to render it the delicious and wholesome thing that it is.

Luce. A delightful Christmas gift at a reasonable price is not always easy to find; a bottle of Luce's Eau-de-Cologne, or—equally refreshing—lavender water, will please the recipient. A small plain bottle costs from 2s.; and a very daintily packed bottle in a sheathing of wicker only costs 7s. 9d., the bottle alone being always a useful article to keep in a bedroom or nursery. Children love perfume, and a few drops in the water before bathing will prove fragrant and refreshing. To ensure getting the genuine Eau-de-Cologne, which is British and therefore the best, the intending purchaser, if unable to get it at a chemist, should write to one of Luce's Retail Depots, which are situated at 179, High Street, Southampton, and 3, Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.



BRITISH "EAU-DE-COLOGNE": AN ASSORTMENT OF SIZES. (LUCE.)

Gamage's. No Christmas would be complete without a visit to Gamage's great house in Holborn. The Victory Bazaar is a wonderful attraction to small folk. The scheme is one of an enchanted forest, where the cold is only suggested by snow and by sub-tropical palms giving an idea of the far-flung

Empire which is ours. In this environment are toys and games, working models, wonderful dolls, wireless telegraphy demonstrated—and, in a word, there are presents for everybody at all prices. Covered motor-wagons, strongly made and having metal hoods and bonnets, on polished wood wheels, will enchant youngsters. Boys will delight in a working model of a crane in wood. There is a hardwood wagon which could well be used as a goat-cart; it is fitted on four iron wheels, which will last indefinitely on the roughest roads. A combined rocking-chair and push-cart is a delightful toy. It has a horse's head in front to give the occupant the fine idea of driving. It is made in varnished hardwood, and is on rubber-tyred wheels; the price is 31s. 6d. Lott's British-made bricks are fine things for youngsters. With them realistic houses can be built in great variety. They are put up in series of boxes, which make country cottages, bungalows, and cathedrals. Each box builds so



TOY VEHICLES: A COMBINED ROCKING-CHAIR AND PUSH-CART; AND A HARD-WOOD WAGON SUITABLE FOR A GOAT-CART. (GAMAGE'S.)

many models according to price, from Box I. at 2s. 6d. to Box VI.—containing the complete series, and building over thirty models—at 42s. Anyone who leaves Gamage's without suitable gifts for all relatives and friends will be quite unpleasable.

Charles Packer and Co.

As old-established as it is enterprising and up-to-date, the firm of Charles Packer and Co., 76, Regent Street, is deservedly a high favourite with the British public, whether at home or abroad. Also the foreigner or American who comes to town likes to take home a souvenir from Packer's. This season the firm have prepared a specially interesting and well-produced list, illustrated by new photographic process, with two pages in colour, of sleeve-links in regimental colours. This will be sent if asked for, and proves a reliable guide to the present-seeker. Quite new and very effective are pendants of carved moonstones and diamonds. These are handsome ornaments, and can be purchased from £35 up to almost any price desired. Quite new is the Observer's badge of one wing and a ring; this is the latest of Charles Packer's wonderful series of naval, military, and Air Force badges, sold in case complete for £2 2s. New and already in great favour are gold sleeve-links with the colours of any regiment across them in enamel. Those illustrated are the Royal Flying Corps. All regimental colours are supplied, and the price, complete in a case, is £4 15s. There are many suitable and beautiful gifts in jewellery and in plate at Packer's.



REGIMENTAL JEWELLERY: AN OBSERVER'S BADGE; R.A.F. SLEEVE-LINKS; AND PENDANT. (CHARLES PACKER AND CO.)

At the International Fur Store.

What every woman wants is cosy, becoming, and handsome furs. Where to get them for her really reliable and beautiful is at the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street. These are guaranteed furs. The Fur Store use only the finest and best of skins; the dressing and workmanship cannot be excelled; and the style of every fur in the house is according to the latest dictate of fashion. A very attractive and very handsome skunk tie in three strands, beautifully worked, and lined throughout in rich, soft, gathered satin, for £40 is a genuinely sound investment, and one that will bring pleasure to wife, fiancée, or daughter. A muff to match for £13 will make the matter complete. Long fur coats are delightful gifts, and of these the models at the Fur Store are as varied as they are beautiful. Then, if a woman seeks to give pleasure to a man, there are fur-lined tweed ulsters and fur-lined and trimmed coats for the lords of creation which will make them look and feel really lordly. [Continued overleaf.]

That Point is rigid

The lead is made absolutely rigid by a patent grip that obviates the annoying "wobble" experienced when writing with an ordinary pencil-case.

ACTUAL
SIZE

NOTE
MAGAZINE



BAKER'S

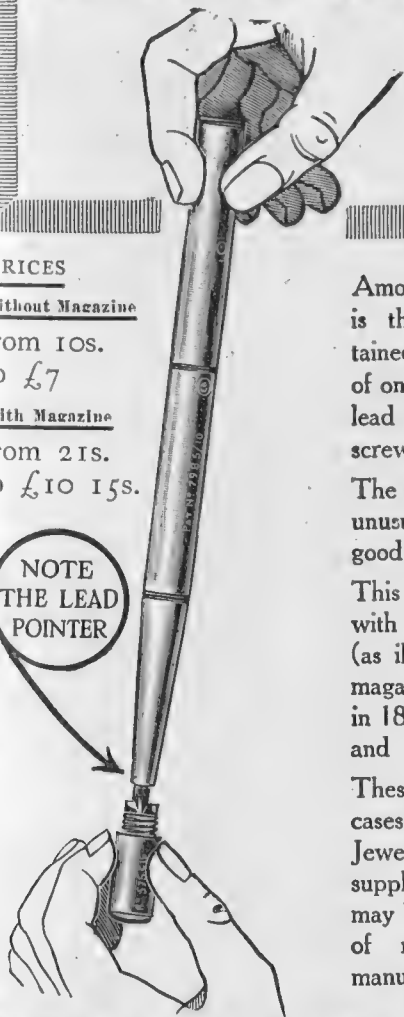


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THE LEAD
POINTER



Among other noteworthy features is that the writing point is obtained and maintained by means of only two or three turns of the lead pointer or sharpener, which screws into place when not in use.

The leads themselves are of an unusually long length, 2 in., and good grade.

This super pencil-case is made with magazine to hold 8 leads (as illustrated at top) or without magazine (as illustrated below), in 18-ct., 15-ct., and 9-ct. Gold, and Silver, in various patterns.

These Baker's "Pointer" pencil-cases are sold by the leading Jewellers and Stores, who will supply illustrated price lists, or lists may be obtained, with the names of nearest agents, from the manufacturers.

EDWARD BAKER & SON
30 & 31 Augusta St., Birmingham

Ess Viotto for the Hands



A Toilet Preparation for rendering the hands soft and white. Delightfully perfumed with the Essence of Violets.

A few drops rubbed well into the hands after washing make them beautiful.

Add a little "Ess Viotto" to the warm water in the toilet basin, and you will find it has a most refreshing and beneficial effect upon the complexion.

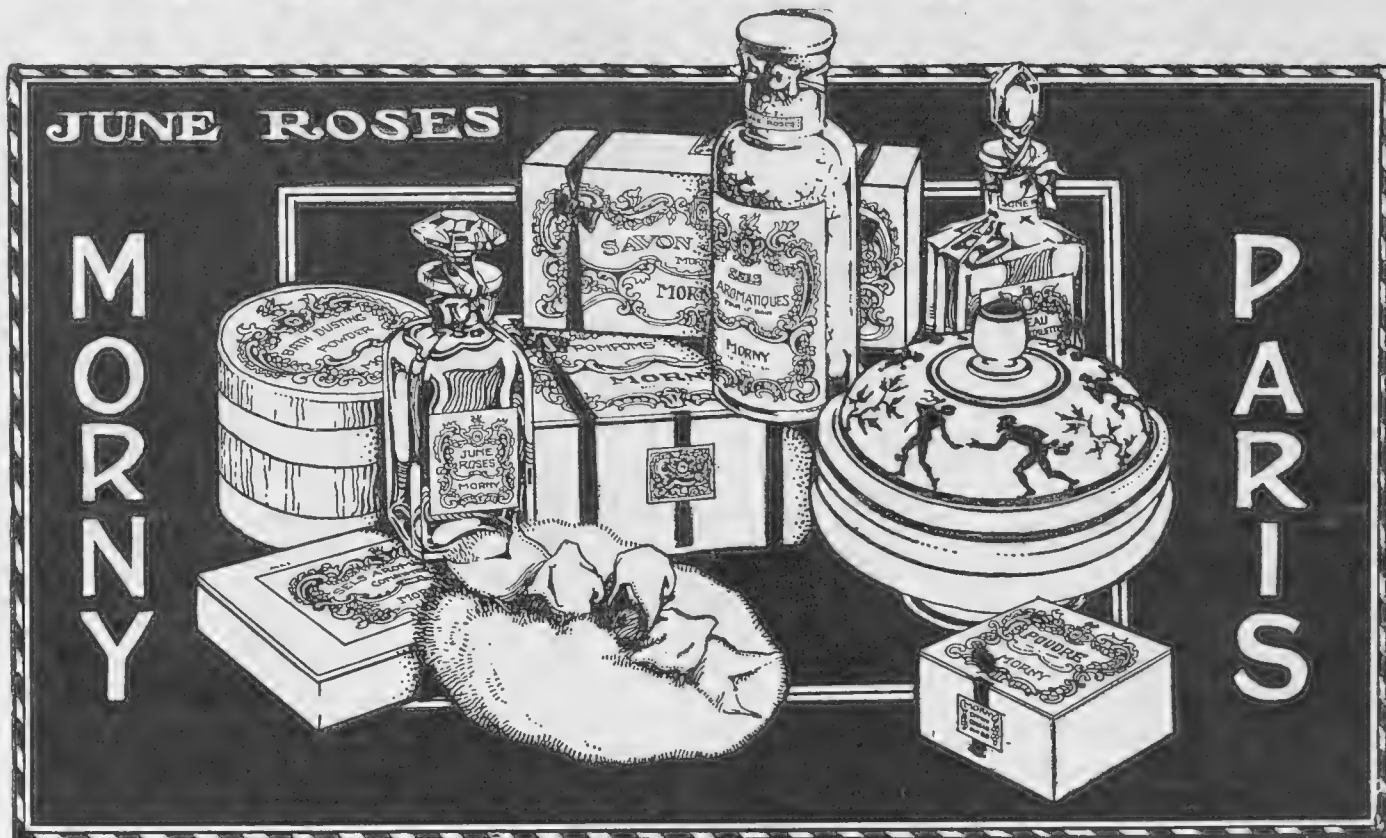
Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 1/10½, 3/9 and 5/- per bottle.

**COURVOISIER'S
"C. C." PERFUMES.**
(Concentrated without spirit)
Lily of the Valley, Violette,
Jasmin, Lilac, etc.,
3/9 per vial.

Wholesale:
H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.3.



THE MOST FASCINATING GIFT FOR A LADY
OF QUALITY IS A COMPLETE SET OF THE
MORNY FINE TOILET PRODUCTS
fragrant with
PARFUM "JUNE ROSES."



"June Roses" Perfume. The Rose fragrance without a rival. Stoppered bottle in card case	s. d. 8 9	s. d. 16 0
"June Roses" Bath Salts. Scientifically "soften" the water and leave upon the skin the odour of the Rose. Boxwood-topped corked bottle	3 0	7 6
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"June Roses" Toilet Soap. An extra fine quality face Soap, exceptionally perfumed. Single tablet in box, 2/10. Three tablets in box, 7/6	2 10	7 6
"June Roses" Dusting Powder. The foundation of the dainty personal toilet. For use with large body puff. Artistic keg	5 0	9 6
"June Roses" Complexion Powder. The finishing touch for Beauty's toilet. Tinted Rachel, Cream, Deep Cream, Pink, Natural, Creamy-Natural, White, etc. Square case	5 0	5 0
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"June Roses" Toilet Water. An exquisite addition to the sponge-rinse for face and hands. Stoppered or sprinkler bottle	10 0	19 0
"June Roses" Bath Soap de Luxe. Mammoth size tablets, finely perfumed. Box of three tablets	5 3	5 3
Total Cost of Sets	45 7	77 9

Similar sets supplied in "Mystérieuse," "Chaminade," "Sérénade," and other Original Morny Fragrances at their relative prices. (Illustrated Brochures sent on request.)

Opal Glass Dusting Powder Bowl, as illustrated (Silhouette decoration), and Puff, 73/- Free delivery within London Postal Area.

MORNY FRÈRES LIMITED. Chemist-Perfumers, 201 Regent Street, London, W.1.

The name "**Morny**" is the accepted  for Perfumery.

"Clydella"

(Regd.)

AN excellent and economical investment nowadays is "Clydella," and its wearers will experience all the comfort and charm that can be embodied in a hard-wearing and reliable washing material. "Clydella" has the appearance and all the advantages of flannel, but is not stodgy or irritating, and is absolutely unshrinkable.



Made in a wide range of artistic stripes and in plain colours, "Clydella" cannot fail to give you satisfaction. Ask your retailer to show you patterns.

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Gorrings

SPORTS COATS
AND
SCARVES



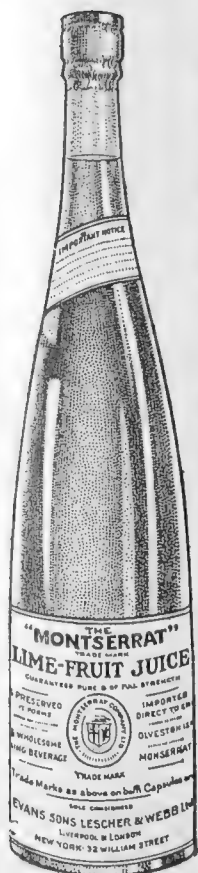
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XMAS GIFTS



W. 302. Exclusive and Tasteful SPORTS COAT made in artificial silk of rich quality. Effectively trimmed with bands of contrasting shades, and finished with tassels on collar and sleeves (as sketch). The collar is large and beautifully shaped. An ideal garment, suitable for any occasion. In a few choice colourings, purple, grey, green, rose, mole, white, sage, navy, black. Price 7 Gns.

FASHIONABLE SCARVES of the newest PAISLEY design in heavy artificial silk, long and wide. In blues, mauves, and neutral colourings. Price 35/-
Size 19 ins. by 72 ins. long.
In Pure Silk, 47/6 to 59/6

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Columbus discovers Montserrat

426 years ago Columbus sighted the little mountain island in the Indies and named it after the Spanish Monserrado.

"Montserrat," the pure fresh juice of cultivated limes grown in the orchards of sunny Montserrat, is a discovery of rare value to the hostess, for "Montserrat" is a cooling, healthful refreshment most suitable for the increased festivities of this war-free winter.

The very extensive use of Lime Juice in the Army and Navy has established its advantages as a year-round drink.

All "Montserrat" is prepared from the pure juice of cultivated limes, much superior to the juice of wild limes. From the island of Montserrat the juice is imported direct to the bottling stores in Liverpool.

"Montserrat" is sold by Grocers, Chemists, Hotels, etc., everywhere, and supplied at leading Clubs, Hotels and country houses.

"Montserrat" Lime Juice cordial is sweetened, but you can also obtain the "Montserrat" Pure Lime-Fruit Juice in its original form.

"MONTSERRAT"

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
& PURE LIME-FRUIT JUICE

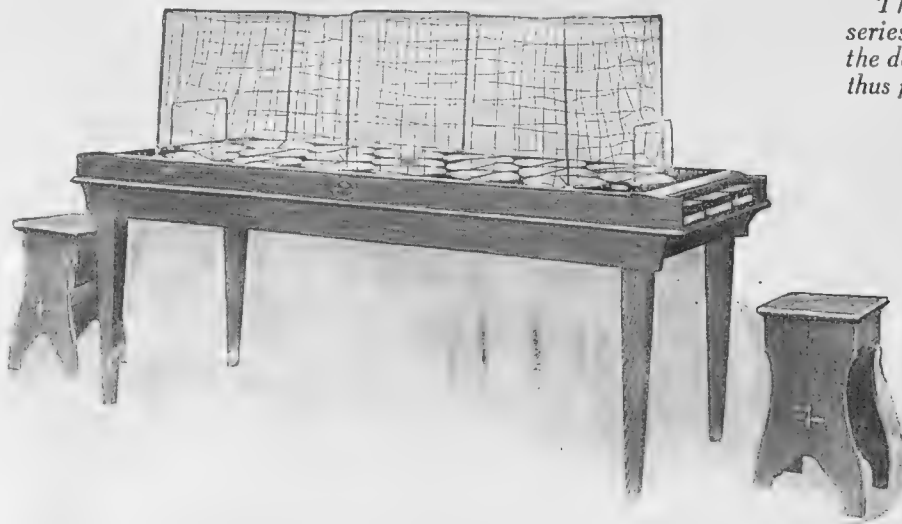
Sole Consignees: EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB Ltd., 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.



An entirely new game OF SCIENCE & SKILL 'Daisy' FINGER FOOTBALL

All the excitement of the "FIELD" on the Dining Table. From "KICK OFF" to "GOAL" a stern contest of brain and dexterity. THRILLING TO PLAY—EXCITING TO WATCH.

As a game of skill, "Daisy" Finger Football is second only to Billiards. It can be played by all members of the family—young and old. The development of skill in play is only a matter of practice.



The surface of the "field" is made up of a series of discs operating in contrary directions by the depression of keys at each end of the table, thus propelling the ball towards the goal.

There are daily demonstrations of "Daisy" Finger Football at Harrods.

Orders booked at all principal stores.

The output at present is limited, and if you want "Daisy" Finger Football for Christmas Entertainment we advise you to order it now.

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Leamington Rd. Gravelly Hill Birmingham



QUALITY, purity and fragrance meet to perfection in Court Bouquet—the toilet soap for discriminating users.

Exquisitely perfumed, and affording a soft, velvety lather, it is delightful and refreshing always.

PRICE'S
Court Bouquet
COMPLEXION SOAP

23 charming and distinctive perfumes.

Made by
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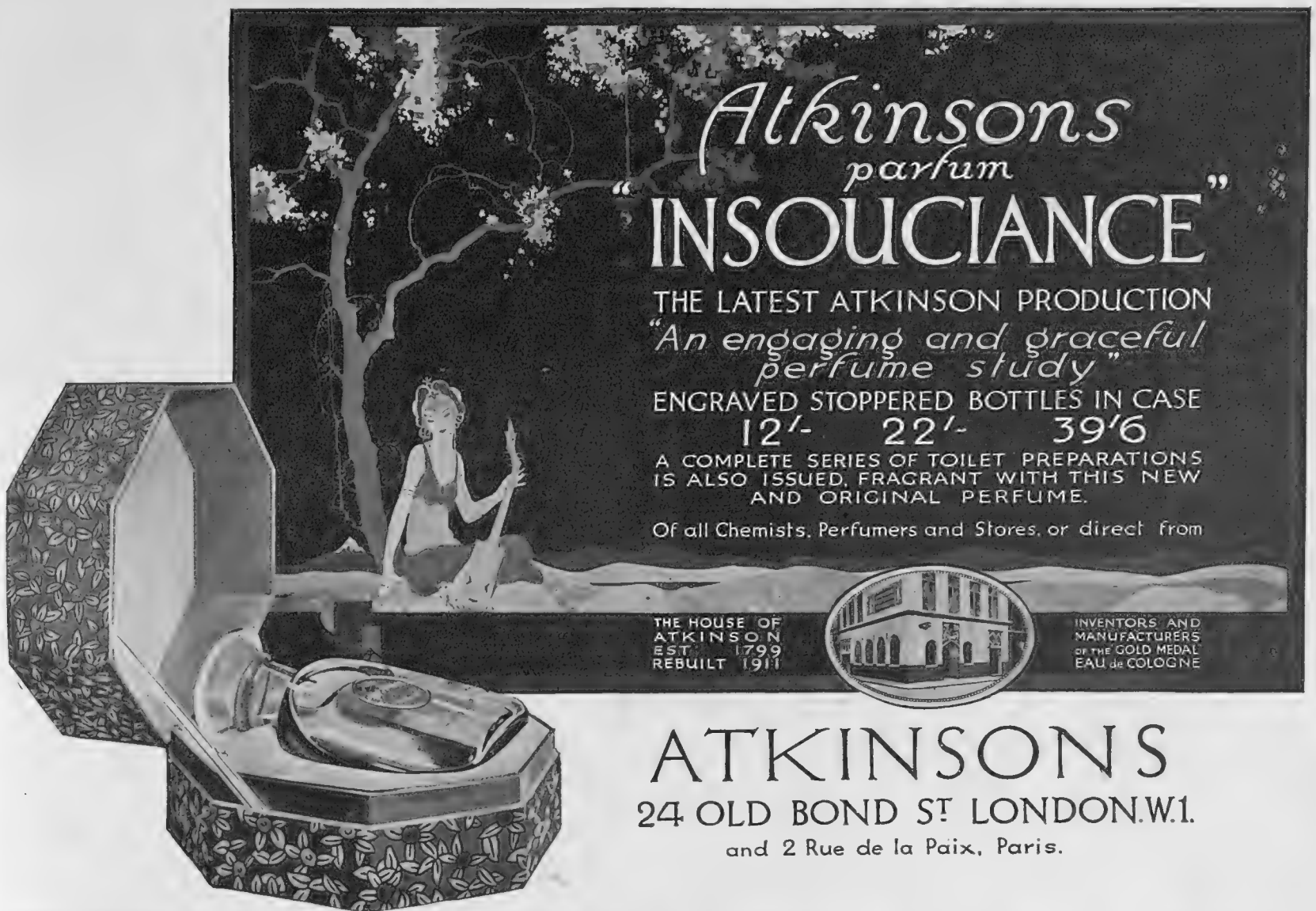

Oxidised, £7 : 0 : 0

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THIS, our Appointment Watch, tells you the time, rings it out clear and distinct by means of its powerful gong alarm. Appointments, meetings, trains—no matter the business on hand—cannot be forgotten. A dial visible on the darkest evening, a back cover which so opens as to permit the watch being stood on your bedside table, are ingenious additions really useful to the wearer.

You incur no obligation by ordering this watch. If after a fair trial you are for any reason disappointed, a refundment in full of your remittance will at once be made.

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87, George St. West, EDINBURGH



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THE LATEST ATKINSON PRODUCTION
*"An engaging and graceful
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ENGRAVED STOPPERED BOTTLES IN CASE
12/- 22/- 39/6

A COMPLETE SERIES OF TOILET PREPARATIONS
IS ALSO ISSUED, FRAGRANT WITH THIS NEW
AND ORIGINAL PERFUME.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, or direct from

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INVENTORS AND
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ATKINSONS
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Phillips', 'Military', SOLES AND HEELS

Thin Rubber Plates, with
Raised Studs, to be attached
on top of ordinary soles and heels.
They make one pair of boots
last the time of three. . . .

"Excellent in every way
—walking, riding, or
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(Extract from letter.)

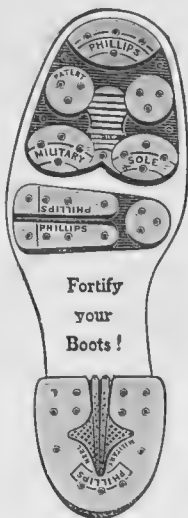
Phillips' 'Military' Soles and Heels
impart smoothness to the tread
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IDEAL FOR GENERAL WEAR
EXCELLENT FOR GOLF, ETC.

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Men's 'Stout' 5/6
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Ladies' „ 3/-
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Heels separately :
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FROM ALL
BOOTMAKERS

MILES "AHEAD" in Tailoring

TO the discriminating man to-day the
difference between the cost of really
good clothes and those of inferior quality
is so slight that he unhesitatingly decides in
favour of the former. He knows that an
extra guinea on the price is going to make
all the difference, that it will at least treble
the service of the clothes and the satisfaction
of the wearer.

IT stands to reason, that when a West End
firm of Tailors organised on modern
lines, and backed by nearly 80 years' ex-
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needs, its Customers are going to reap the
benefit. An excellent example thus offered
will be found in the new "MILES" over-
coat, here shown, which they are making at
prices ranging from £8 - 8 - 0. This is
essentially the type of overcoat a man wants
nowadays—distinctive, but none the less ser-
viceable. In style, cut, fit, and finish, it is
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range of exclusive materials they hold enables
men of the most fastidious taste to find
complete satisfaction.

N.B.—In our Ready-for-Wear Department, we have a
large and exclusive stock of Overcoats, in all styles
and fittings, cut and made in our own Establishment,
at £8 - 8 - 0

A visit of inspection is respectfully invited.

ALFRED WEBB MILES & Co.

Naval, Military and Civil Tailors,

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Telephone—Mayfair 988. Telegrams—"Webb Miles" London



SHOPPING IN WINTER



MEANS shopping in comfort if you possess a Sizaire-Berwick automobile. That is the fact; these are the reasons:

The appointments are of your own selection, and the range of material is wide. Their lasting qualities are guaranteed.

The "factor of safety" is ensured by comprehensive laboratory tests of all steel and other metals used in the construction of the car.

The engine is under such exact control that its speed can be reduced to the minimum of movement or accelerated to its maximum capacity practically instantaneously. This is of inestimable value in heavy traffic.

SIZAIRE BERWICK AUTOMOBILES

Photographs and Specification of the Sizaire-Berwick car will be sent on application to Sizaire-Berwick, Ltd., Dept. 06, Park Royal, London, N.W. 10. Telephone: 2499 Willesden.

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is an important factor in
SELLING MERCHANDISE.
Correct, Economical and Efficient Lighting can be
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ROYAL EDISWAN
HALF WATT TYPE AND DRAWN WIRE LAMPS
in properly designed Ediswan Fittings.

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"Beautifully cool and sweet smoking."

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT Cigarettes

**PLAYER'S GOLD LEAF
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES**
In Tins of 100 - 5/4
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**PLAYER'S MEDIUM
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES**
In card boxes 100 4/3
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NOTTINGHAM.**

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Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

ALLEN-BROWN'S ENGLISH VIOLET

Perfumes • Toilet Preparations • Novelties

OF THE GREATEST USE AS AN AID TO THE CHOICE OF **Christmas Presents** IS THE 20-PAGE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE



HAMPER OF ENGLISH VIOLET PREPARATIONS

Contains 1 Box of Violet Soap, 1 Bottle Violet Bath Crystals, 1 Box Toilet Powder, 1 Talcum Powder, 1 English Violet Perfume, 1 Violet Velvet Foam, 1 Chamois Leather, 1 doz. Bath Sachets, 1 Papier Violette, 1 Box Shampoos, 1 Slip Sachet.

Price 40/- Post Free. This List is subject to alteration.



Price 21/- Post Free. ENGLISH VIOLET PERFUME

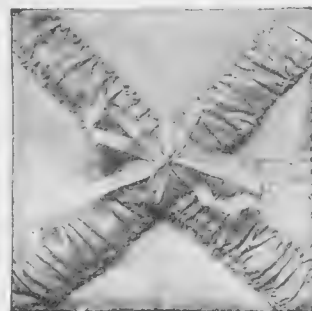
Fills the air with the soft fragrance of the violet. Other Sizes, 10/3, 7/6 & 4/6, Post Free.



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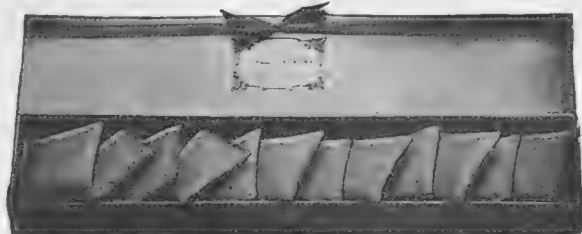
Filled with Pot-Pourri or Lavender. Tops in different coloured Silks. Basket 3 inches across.

In box. Price 7/6 post free.



VIOLET SCENTED WEEK-END HANDKERCHIEF HOLDER.

Size 6 in. square. In Satin only, 6/3 post free.



ENGLISH VIOLET SLIP SACHETS

In Mauve and White. In Box of 1 doz., 8/9 Post Free

THE MISSES ALLEN-BROWN, F.R.H.S., The Violet Nurseries, Henfield, SUSSEX.

London Depot: 5, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, W.

Established 1785.



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The Leading Royal Naval Outfitters
SPECIALISTS IN MEN'S WEAR

Inventors, Patentees & Makers of the "GIEVE" LIFE-SAVING WAISTCOAT

ROYAL NAVY HOUSE
21, OLD BOND ST.
(Piccadilly End)
W. 1.

By Special appointment to H.M. the King

The Story of the ZERDINA

On the 4th of December, 1918, one of our customers, a well-known medical man from the North, asked us if we could make his wife a Fur Toque to match her Seal Musquash Coat which we made for her; and, believing in our good testimonials, he left it to us. In a moment of inspiration we designed the Cap which was the forerunner of the now famous 'ZERDINA.'

When our customer received the Cap he was very pleased, and a few ladies who happened to see it, before it was sent away, insisted on our making them one like it. So much was the Cap admired that we had a drawing made of it and, later, a few advertisements appeared in a few weeklies, and although it was at the end of the winter, the Cap met with quite a great success, and the fame of the Cap spread even to the Colonies. For this winter preparations have been made to make the "ZERDINA" a complete success. Every detail has been carefully studied: "neatness," comfort, durability, warmth, and cosiness. So much that we now claim that the "ZERDINA" is the best Hat obtainable for winter wear; no other Hat or Cap can compete with it in charm, warmth, or comfort. As a result the "ZERDINA" has met with a tremendous success; letters of appreciation reach us from the best class of people in this country, Society

ladies, famous authors, and novelists, and wives and daughters of our most prominent soldiers. Here are a few of them:

Gloucester. 21/10/19.

Mrs. — is much obliged to Messrs. Zerdin and Co. for sending Seal Musquash Cap on approval. Mrs. — is exceedingly pleased with it, encloses cheque in payment for same.

Stratford-on-Avon. 17/10/19.

Miss — is much obliged for the "Zerdina" Caps, and is keeping both; she encloses her cheque.

Mansfield.

Dear Sirs, — Many thanks for Seal Musquash Cap, which is very lovely. I am enclosing cheque in payment. I again thank you for your attention.

Caister. 27/10/19.

Dear Sirs, — The Coney Seal Fur Cap has this day come to hand. I am absolutely delighted with it. It is quite charming, and just what I have been wanting for many a long day—I shall certainly keep it.

Now we are not only successful in making Fur Hats, but all our Furs give the utmost satisfaction, and if you require anything in Furs, a Stole or Muff, or a Fur Wrap or Coat, please call or write stating your requirements, and we will do our best to suit you.

Please write to-day for our illustrated Fur Catalogue.



"ZERDINA."

The Cap illustrated here is the sweetest little Hat you can have, made of finest Seal Coney, equal to the best Seal Musquash; it is light, soft, and comfortable. A real Ermine skin fondly clings to the left side, looking down on you with its lovely eyes, leaving its hind paws to hang loosely, with its lovely black-tipped tail bewitchingly dangling behind your ear. A strip of fur holds the Ermine skin in its place and gives an additional touch of beauty. The Cap lends charm to every face, and for loveliness it cannot be surpassed. Price £3.

Sizes: Large, Medium, and Small. Please send for one to-day. Money refunded in full if you are not delighted.

Please write for Fur Catalogue to-day. N. ZERDIN & CO., Russian Furriers, 74/84, Oxford St., London, W.1, (First Floor)

*Excellent Cuisine.
Unique Entertainment.*

Theatre Suppers at the TROCADERO

Served in the most attractive Salon in the West End — The Empire Hall (Trocadero Central Entrance) Table d'Hôte Service.



THIS WEEK.

**Mai Bacon and
Bernard Carrington**
and the
Trocadero Orchestra.

*It is advisable to book your table.
'Phone : Gerrard 1301.*

Great Barker Value ATTACHE CASE

SENT POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

A NEW
BARKER
SPECIAL-
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OF REAL
COWHIDE
SADDLER
SEWN



Size
14 x 9 x 3 1/2

Made from Real Hide, Tan Colour, lined inside Green, Real Leather Pockets for Stationery. Leather-bound Book. Leather-cornered Writing Board. Loops for Pen and Pencil. Pockets for Cards and Stamps, fitted Stationery complete. Two Locks and Key. Two Straps over Front Pockets which secure Papers. Really a charming Case. Will wear for years.
Sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom.
JOHN BARKER AND COMPANY, LTD., KENSINGTON, W. 8.

27 1/2
BARKERS
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Distinction in toilette

In the charming range of styles and designs of Celes Tailored Shirts will be found in outstanding degree that feature so much sought after — distinction.

The Celes Tailored Shirt is the 'Perfect Shirt for Ladies' Wear.'

Celes is made of pure silk crepe — perfectly fast in colour — and no special care is necessary in washing. It wears splendidly, and holds its freshness in appearance after repeated washing.

Celes styles are shown in all colourings of checks, stripes, self-tones, and also in ivory.

Every Shirt bears
this Trade Mark



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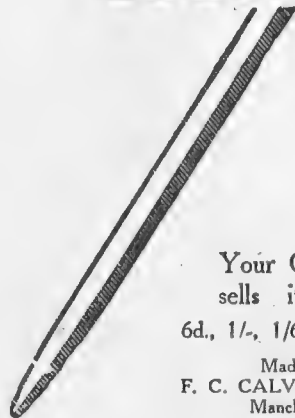
Make sure

that you clean every part of your teeth — brushing them from the gums up and down as well as across.

MAKE SURE that the cleaning you do give them every day is thorough and antiseptic — and delightfully refreshing, too, by using



Calvert's
CARBOLIC
Tooth Powder



Your Chemist
sells it — in
6d., 1/-, 1/6 & 5/- tins.

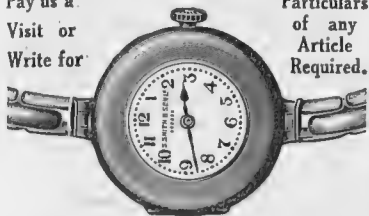
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F. C. CALVERT & Co.,
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WATCHMAKERS ESTD. 1851 "SMITHS"

are the Holders of one of the
Largest and Finest Stocks of
Pocket and Wrist Watches and
Jewellery of all descriptions.

Pay us a Visit or
Write for Particulars
of any Article
Required.

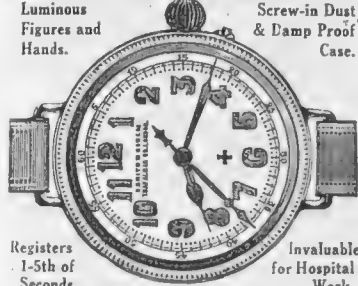


Very Fine Quality, Fully Jewelled Lever
Movement, Fully Compensated, Titled in
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Band, 18-ct. or 9-ct. Gold throughout, from
£10 10 0

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Luminous Figures and Hands. Screw-in Dust & Damp Proof Case.



Registers 1-5th of Seconds. Invaluable for Hospital Work.

Sterling Silver, £6 : 15 : 0

WITH HINGED CASE, £4 15 0



Fine Brilliant and Sapphire Twin Ring, £12 12s.
Fine Brilliant Ring, Open Circle Setting, £10 10s.
A fine assortment of Rings and Jewellery always in stock.



The New Victory Brooch, with Badge representing any Regiment, made in solid gold, £2 10s.
The same brooch without badge, 35s.

S. SMITH & SON LTD. ESTD. 1851
HOLDERS OF ROYAL WARRANTS.
WATCHMAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY.
6, GRAND HOTEL BLDG.
TRAFALGAR SQ., W.C.

The Fashion in FURS

In the new season's Fur Sets, Animal Scarves in Fox and Wolf, shaped on the shoulders to produce the semi-cape effect, will again be the vogue, while White Furs — especially Ermine and Fox — are now in great demand. The two furs illustrated are typical of the large variety of exquisite models to be seen in the salons at 163 & 165, Regent St., W.1.

ILLUSTRATED FUR-BOOK
sent post free on request.

(Left) The beautiful Silver Fox Tie is a typical example of the wonderful selection now in stock. Price from £95

Also in White Fox and Cross Fox.

(Right) A very smart and stylish Sable Stole, beautifully worked as sketch, in two strands—double fur with tail and paws to each of the 12 skins. Price £225



THE International Fur Store

163 & 165 Regent Street
LONDON, W.1.

FURS SENT ON APPROVAL

On receipt of particulars, goods will be sent on approbation to any address in Town or the Country.



The Motor Housing Problem.

You have waited a long time for your car—make sure it does not lack a home when delivered. Get a Browne & Lilly Motor House now and give your car a shelter worthy of it. Prices £20 to £200.

Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue, which gives particulars of all kinds of Portable Buildings.

BROWNE & LILLY, LTD.,
Manufacturers & Exporters,
THAMES SIDE, READING.

MATERNITY

(Finlay's Patents, adjustable any size.)
From
SKIRTS 6s. to 21/-
GOWNS 14s. to 6s.
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The Lady says:
"I have seen delightful frocks at Finlay's for Maternity Wear... very cleverly planned, being adjustable to any size."
Catalogues and Patterns Free.
Babywear, Layettes, Cots, &c.
J. FINLAY,
47 Duke St., London, W.1 (facing Selfridges).
The Maternity House of Great Britain.

Lea & Perrins

KIPLING says:

"East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet,
but the produce of the East
and the genius of the West
do meet in

LEA & PERRINS'

Genuine
Worcestershire
Sauce.

WORCESTER.

BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES CO.

SUPPLY THE SMART-EST, BEST-FITTING BREECHES AT ABOUT HALF THE PRICES USUALLY CHARGED.

BREECHES TO MEASURE

FOR ALL PURPOSES AND EVERY CLIMATE

25/- TO 70/-

Send particulars of your requirements. We will post you patterns free (Dept. 20)

29, GT. TITCHFIELD ST., Oxford St., LONDON, W.1



DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

The
SUPER
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MIXTURE
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CIGARETTES

PETER ROBINSON LTD

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Hand-made Crêpe-de-Chine Lingerie



Dainty Set in best quality Crêpe-de-Chine, hand-made, trimmed real Cluny lace and motifs. Nightdress 97/6, Chemise 52/6, Knickers 52/6, Camisole 26/6, Cap 21/9

PETER ROBINSON Ltd. Regent Street W1

KILLED HER MOUSTACHE FOR EVER AFTER 30 YEARS.

I Told Her Free How to Destroy All Trace of Superfluous Hair Growths, Never to Return, just as I did.

LET ME HELP YOU ALSO FREE.

Are you a sufferer from Superfluous Hair? Have you tried every paste, powder and liquid you ever heard of, in the hope of getting rid of it for ever, root and all, only to find that everything made it worse? Have you submitted to the painful electric needle, only to find that it, too, is useless, as well as dangerous? Have you come to the conclusion that Superfluous Hair can never be cured, and that you must always go through life obliged constantly to use temporary depilatories, or else be subject to the remarks of others as long as you live?



If so, no matter how stubborn your growth or how many things have failed, I want you to write to me. I will send you free the same information which enabled a prominent Edinburgh lady to write: "You have a wonderful way to cure Superfluous Hair. I had a heavy moustache for 30 years, but there is no trace left now." And the friend in Kent says: "Since I followed your advice four months ago, I have not a single hair left on my lip. It is wonderful to be free from it after being troubled so many years."

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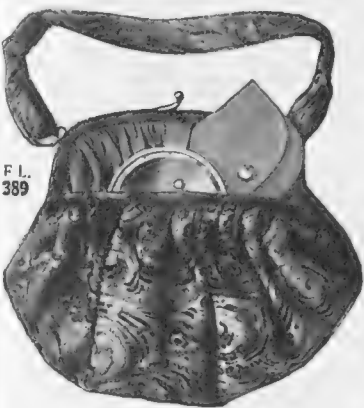
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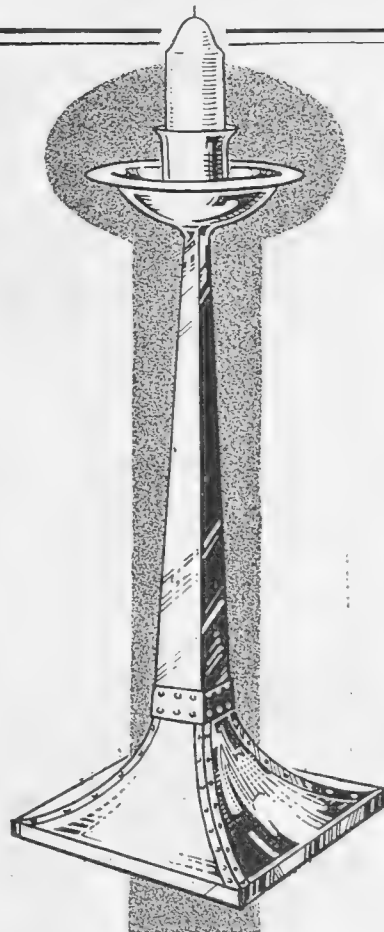


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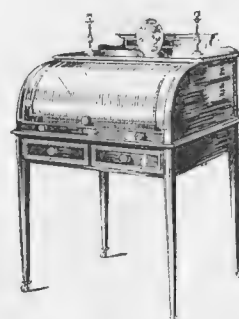
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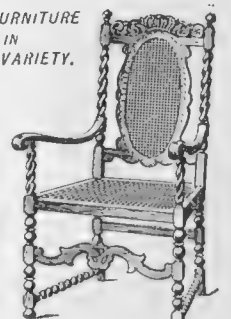
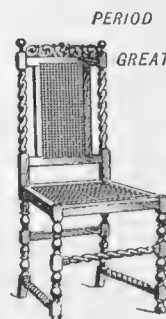


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"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER—AND COLOURED PICTURES.

The Christmas Number of "The Sketch" is now on Sale everywhere. With it is a presentation plate in full colours, "Don't Wake Up Love," by Suzanne Meunier; and in it are a coloured double-page and coloured pages by Léo Fontan, Bernard Higham, Barribal, and Lawson Wood. Amongst the other chief features are stories by W. Douglas Newton and other well-known authors; and comic and seasonable pictures by Frank Reynolds, Will Owen, W. Heath Robinson, G. E. Studdy, J. R. Skelton, Gladys Peto, and others. Those desiring copies should get them at once from bookstall or newsagent's. The price is two shillings.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Oh, for Peace in Our Time!

The greatest evil of the present day is too much talk. Somebody gets up and makes a wild and provocative statement, and then somebody else gets up to contradict it with much emphasis, and so the babble goes on, with the inevitable result that nothing is done.

There should be a heavy fine for the discussion of politics in public, and a heavier fine for the discussion of the theatre. The most peaceable portions of the newspapers—and even they are getting a little argumentative in their tone—are the advertisement columns. If the newspapers could consist entirely of advertisements how much happier we should all be! And how much richer the proprietors of newspapers would be! (I would except, of course, the best illustrated papers, because, somehow or other, the people who write for illustrated papers take a tolerant and large-minded view of things. Thanks.)

As for the theatre, the stream of talk about the theatre, and what is the matter with the theatre, and the way to put the theatre right, is overflowing its banks in all directions. For one man in this country who understands the theatre—that is to say, who knows a good play from a bad one, good acting from bad, and how to get both—there are a thousand people who know less about the theatre than they know about the writings of Comenius. Yet these are the people who talk.

To Stop the Talk. I have hit upon a solution of the so-called "theatre problem" which would soon put a stop to all the talk. Let us take a hint from those wise men of ancient days who framed our religious services. We all respect and admire our religious services. We do not ask to have them altered every six months or so. When we go to church, we know precisely what we shall hear, and we are content with that. The sermon may cause a little talk, but not much. By Monday morning we have quite forgiven the parson for anything he may have said which did not agree with our own views.

For the sake of peace, then, let us have one play for all theatres in every part of the country, and let it be played night in, night out, for ever and ever. The leading actor might deliver a short address on a non-contentious subject, and there might be a cycle of songs to spread over, say, a month. But there would be nothing new. We should go to the theatre well prepared for what we were about to receive. The performers would vary in quality, no doubt, according to the size of the theatre and the money they were paid. That one would also expect. But contention and argument would disappear for ever. Think of it! No more speeches! No more interviews! No more failures! No more bitternesses!

The Chosen Play. Now comes the great question, what play shall we select? Well, it must be a play with universal appeal. It must not be a very brainy play; on the other hand, it must be a play and not a revue. It must be a play designed to give pleasure to the largest number of people; at the same time, there must be something in it to attract the most fastidious.

It must not depend on its story. A play that depends on its story can only live until everybody knows the story. And it would be unfair that the play should be compiled—compiled is the word—by any one author. All the authors must have a chance to contribute to it, but there will be no royalties for anybody and no names on the playbill.

We might take, as an example, "Chu Chin Chow." Here is a play that people see, apparently, as regularly as they go to church. If there is the germ of a story in it, I suppose it is the old one of "The Forty Thieves." A better framework still would be "Cinderella." Nearly all the most successful plays are based on "Cinderella."

Let us, then, take "Cinderella," and embellish it with music and lyrics, and very simple dresses and scenery. The tunes should be selected from the wealth of English tunes that have become historic, and of which nobody ever tires. Sir Arthur Pinero should construct the play, and all the other authors write a line apiece.



GIVING AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, AT THE QUEEN'S HALL, ON THE 17TH: MISS MARGUERITE NIELKA.

Miss Nielka, who is the daughter of Mrs. Kinnell, of Upper Grosvenor Street, and a niece of Lady Cowdray, sings modern French songs charmingly. She is giving an orchestral concert on the evening of the 17th, at the Queen's Hall, with the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Albert Coates. She is shortly to sing in opera, but details of her appearance are not yet public.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

An Artist on Acting.

It was in the office of this journal, some twenty short years ago, that I first met Mr. Harry Furniss, whose name had been endeared to me as a schoolboy by his picture of the tramp writing the famous testimonial to the soap manufacturers. In his interesting volume, "My Bohemian Days," Mr. Furniss observes that he received nothing for the advertisement rights of that drawing—by which he means, of course, that the original publishers had bought the copyright. I think he is wrong, however, when he declares that he made nothing; he made a larger fame than he could ever have attained through the pages of *Punch*.

Mr. Harry Furniss is a very clever little man, and he was an intimate friend of Sir Henry Irving. On his own showing, however, even he has quite a wrong notion about the theatre. "With the exception of Hamlet," he says, "no part has ever been the making of an actor. An actor must make the part." This is precisely the sort of nonsense people talk about the stage who do not understand the stage. Ask any honest actor where he is without a good play, and he will tell you—in the street. (I am speaking, of course, of normal times.)

Modest authors never presume to talk about music or painting; but anybody will perk up his head and talk about writing. Everybody writes a little, you see, if it is only postcards.



The Jottings of Joan

*The Ladies' Club,
Harrods SW1*

DEAR ROSAMUND,—Roddie and I have just returned from Fairyland. The most delightful place on earth, my dear. I thought I should never induce him to come away. You will probably call it Harrods Toy Fair, because you have not yet been there. But when you do go, you will recognise one of the enchanted regions that one reads about in nursery books. Why, you can positively feel the fairy presences!

A Lilliput Pony

Imagine a real live pony, barely 35 inches high. Impossible! you will say. But there is one in Harrods Fairyland, which is just too sweet for anything. "The smallest Shetland pony in the world," said the red-robed Santa Claus, who allowed Roddie to stroke its soft little nose. You never saw anything like its harness, my dear, every detail perfect and complete.

Toys for Boys

Of course, I had to take Roddie to the Special Toy Room for Boys. It is absolutely crammed with novelties, and ecstatic children wanting to buy them. Santa Claus will certainly have to work overtime if he means to deliver all the marvels that juvenile fancy selects. And nearly all the things are British made, too. There are wonderful wooden cranes that comfortably seat a child, fascinating see-saws with tiny basket-work seats, d lightful switchbacks, double swings, nursery rockers, and no end of imposing-looking wooden motor-cars, in which the little owners can pedal themselves along.

Roddie, who has quite a genius for discovering something new, immediately wanted a "Swan Chariot." Such a charming and original idea, you know, to fashion a vehicle like a Swan. This model runs on wheels, and has a long handle and bar in front for drawing it along. As the price is only 6d., I promptly ordered one.

Springing Tigers

We sustained the surprise of our lives in the Mechanical Toy Section. Something all black and yellow stripes was crouching and springing across the floor. "Why, it's a baby tiger!" cried Roddie, in high glee. Then, to my relief, the assistant picked it up. Only a toy after all! But so realistic. A sensation like that was positively cheap at three guineas, so Roddie carried one home under his arm. I must confess I should like it myself, and I'm sure you will want one.

An Aerodrome

When you bring the children to Harrods Bazaar, my dear, do not let them miss the model aerodrome. It is such fun to watch the graceful flights of the various little aircraft models. Roddie became so excited that it was only by promising him a great surprise in the restaurant that I managed to lead him away.

Dainty Dolls

After tea we bought a doll—one of those delightful Canadian baby models, to be sent to Roddie's little sister. These dolls have firm, stuffed bodies and practically unbreakable china faces with "character" expressions. Wonderful French dolls there are, too, in this section of the bazaar, and so daintily dressed!

A dolls' house large enough to hold oneself is really capital fun. At Harrods, they showed us some artistic three-sided innovations, made on collapsible lines to fold up like a screen. They have realistic little front doors, with locks and letter-boxes.

Bring the Bairns

But, my dear, you must come. You must see the crowds of fascinating novelties for yourself. Give the children a real treat this year—your own children and any other children you can manage to find. Bring them to Toyland. Bring them to Joyland. Bring them to Harrods.—

Ever yours, JOAN.

Christmastide at Harrods

One thing is certain, Harrods will excel itself this Christmastide! The best and loveliest merchandise the world produces; a wondrous range of unique exhibits;

delights of all kinds for the grown-ups; still more delights for the tots, and a real Christmas Spirit presiding over all. Where better can you do your Christmas Shopping, where better buy your Christmas Presents than at the most beautiful House of its kind in the world!

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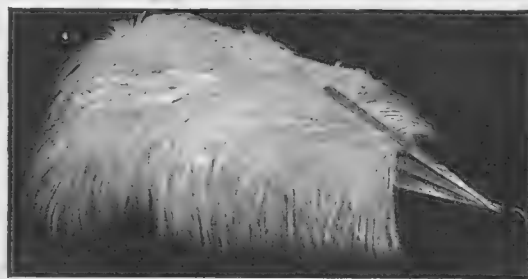
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PARTY FROCK (O.B. 54) in fine cream net, finished at waist with ribbon. 18 ins. ... 31/6 20 ins. ... 33/6 22 ins. ... 35/9 24 ins. ... 37/6 26 ins. ... 39/6



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CUT GLASS PERFUME SPRAYS. Elegant PARISIAN SPRAYS. Latest designs and models from Paris. In plain, cut glass and hand painted. Prices, 27/6, 33/6, 45/6, 49/6, 55/6, 83/6 These sprays should be seen as no sketch can adequately picture their beauty. Other sizes and prices in stock.



LADIES' TAN CAPE GAUNTLETS (L.G. 58). Lined fleecy, wrap wrist, 23/9 pair

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JEWELS "DE LUXE": A WATCH-BRACELET; A WONDERFUL RING; AND A DIAMOND ARROW VEIL-PIN. (HUNT AND ROSKELL, WITH J. W. BENSON.)

and re-fastens over the veil and lace with a perfectly secure bayonet-clip. These are in great demand as Christmas gifts. The firm has a remarkable reputation for watch-bracelets. These are in great variety on expanding gold bracelets, and jewelled or plain, or on moiré wristlets. They are presents that always give pleasure. Rings are also rarely valued gifts, and of these there is a wonderful variety at this splendid establishment. If someone should want a unique gift, there is a canary-coloured diamond weighing twenty-one carats, a thing of entrancing beauty; the price is £5000. There are a pair of superb white diamonds, so brilliant and full of colour that it dazzles the eyes to look at them; they weigh twenty-three carats, and the price I did not ask. There is a fine choice in pearl necklets, and these are much-loved presents. Diamond and diamond-and-pearl drop necklets are also in much demand. Rings are very beautiful, in great variety, and at prices as various. The magnificent shop at 25, Old Bond Street is an Aladdin's garden for Christmas gifts.

Walpole Brothers. Dainty linen is a thing that British people love, wherever they may be. Therefore, for friends at home or abroad, there are no presents more acceptable than those from that noted firm for Irish linens, Walpole's, 89, New

Bond Street. Always useful is a present of handkerchiefs. A dozen of them, hemstitched and embroidered with any initial, at 16s. 6d. will secure perfect satisfaction as a gift to any lady; while any man will equally appreciate a dozen, twenty inches square and similar in border and initial, at 25s. 6d. There are, of course, others up to almost any price, and always excellent value. The firm supply only hand-made, hand-embroidered, and real lace tea-table-cloths. Needless to say, these are beautiful exceedingly. This is also true of the now favourite dinner-table centres and mats. Of these the firm have a large variety, and no present is more esteemed. Beautifully embroidered, lace-inserted and trimmed sachets are another specialty of this noted firm; and remarkably handsome down quilts are presents secure of appreciation. No one on gifts intent should neglect to visit this fascinating establishment.

Atkinson.

For a century and a quarter have Messrs. Atkinson studied the intricate art of distilling and blending perfumes; and they now recommend their highly concentrated *édition de luxe*, "Parfum Chypre Eonia." At 24, Old



PERFUME ARTISTICALLY BOTTLED, AND OTHERWISE: "APRÈS LA PLUIE" AND "PARFUMERIE DUBARRY." (DUBARRY ET CIE.)

Bond Street, London, and also at their Paris house, No. 2, Rue de la Paix, Messrs. Atkinson have a fine selection of their specialties. The bottles of perfume are put up in pretty green leather cases,

[Continued overleaf.]

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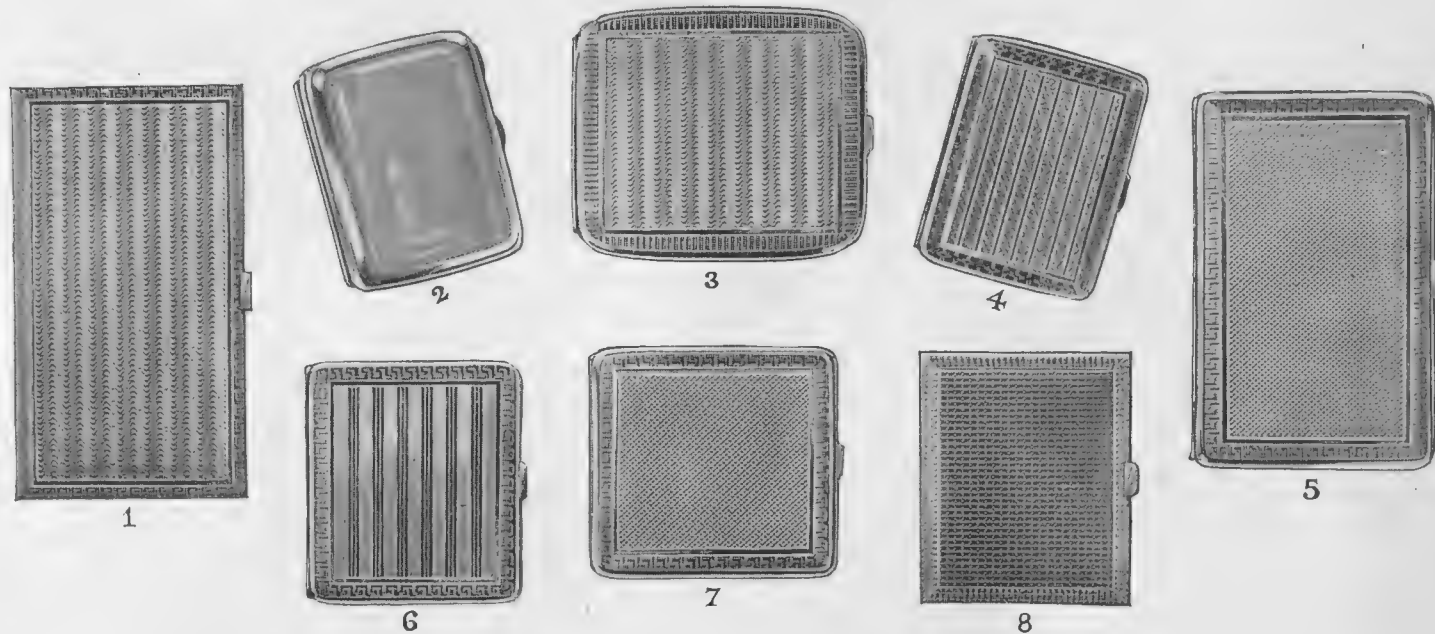
"THE GOLDSMITHS"

Wilson & Gill

TELEGRAMS: "WILANGIL, LONDON."

139 Regent St., London, W. 1.

BEAUTIFULLY ENGINE-TURNED SOLID GOLD CIGARETTE CASES.



EXAMPLES OF WILSON & GILL'S GREAT VARIETY OF SOLID 9-ct GOLD SINGLE-ROW CIGARETTE CASES.

No. 1. Length $5\frac{1}{2}$ -in. £45. (17 Cigarettes)	No. 3. Width $3\frac{3}{4}$ -in. £25. (11 Cigarettes)	No. 5. Length 5-in. £38. (15 Cigarettes)	No. 7. Width $3\frac{1}{4}$ -in. £23. (9 Cigarettes)
No. 2. Width $2\frac{1}{2}$ -in. £13. (7 Cigarettes) (Plain)	No. 4. Width $2\frac{1}{2}$ -in. £17. (6 Cigarettes)	No. 6. Width $2\frac{3}{8}$ -in. £21. (8 Cigarettes)	No. 8. Width $2\frac{3}{8}$ -in. £20. (6 Cigarettes)

Wilson & Gill's Choice Stock of Solid Gold Cigarette Cases includes the Newest Designs of Fine Engine Turnings, stoutly made and very highly finished, the finest value obtainable.

SIMILAR DESIGNS CAN BE SUPPLIED IN SOLID SILVER.

NEW CATALOGUE OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS SENT ON REQUEST.

Ciro Pearls

No. 15. Pair of Earrings with single Ciro Pearl, which will defy experts. Price £1:1:0

PEARLS
ARE THE MOST
FASCINATING
OF ALL GIFTS.

Ciro Pearls

HAVE WON A PLACE WITH THE
LADY WHO LOVES AND AP-
PRECIATES BEAUTIFUL THINGS

They are now so much in vogue that even if you wear the finest orient pearls, costing fabulous sums, people think you are wearing Ciro's.

Our only address is

39, OLD BOND ST., W. 1

(Just off Piccadilly). First floor only.
Over Lloyd's Bank. (Telephone: Gerrard 3077).

CIRO PEARLS, LTD: (Dept. 5)

No. 1. Necklet of famous Ciro Pearls (10 ins. long). Price £1:1:0 Gold chain 2/6 extra

No. 17. Three beautiful Ciro Pearls mounted on a platinette bar brooch. Price £1:1:0

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

Send any jewel of Ciro Pearls as a present, and if it fails to please, return it to us within seven days and we will refund you your money.

We will send you a Necklet, a Ring or any other jewel with Ciro Pearls, upon receipt of £1.1.0 Put it beside any real pearls or any artificial pearls, and if it is not equal to the genuine or superior to the other artificial pearls, return it to us and we will refund your money.

Provincial customers may send their orders by the post, and will receive the same attention as if they called upon us personally.

No. 13. Ring with fine Ciro Pearl, in gold or platine. Price £1:1:0

No. 4. Beautiful Ciro Pearl Scarf Pin, either round or pear-shaped. Price £1:1:0

Our new Illustrated Booklet No. 5 will interest you.

Continued.

convenient for travelling, also toilet soaps and powders *en suite*—all delicately scented with the Atkinson Chypre perfume. For everyday use in bath-room and nursery, their Gold Medal Eau-de-Cologne, is admirable, refreshing, and pure. Very few chemists, stores, or perfumers consider their stock complete without specimens of Atkinson's various toilet necessities, for which there is always a great demand. Purchasers can rely on these being the best.

Vickery's. There is a choice of the newest and of the loveliest presents at that much-esteemed establishment, Messrs. J. C. Vickery, 177 to 183, Regent Street. A diamond-and-sapphire cluster pendant is a handsome and a novel one; so, too, is a diamond bar-brooch. These brooches are very much in fashion, and look very distinguished. If it is not jewellery that is in request, there are lots of other novel and beautiful gifts. A black-and-white check bag in patent leather is one that looks well and will last. It has a centre-division, and is fitted with a vanity case. A beautiful, engine-turned, flat

silver cigarette-case is a useful and handsome present for man or woman. Pipes in cases are capital presents for men; and a pipe-rest of onyx is not only useful, but ornamental. Now that men are once more rejoicing in civilian evening clothes, sets of waistcoat buttons and sleeve-links are gifts they will appreciate. Tie-clips are always useful to them, and of these there are several kinds. Ear-rings are a strong point at Vickery's; they are elegant in design and of varied gems, and all in the latest style.

This is a famous shop for presents, catering for all tastes, and neglecting none.

"Old Bleach Linen."

Not only at Christmastide would a parcel of "Old Bleach Linen" be welcome, but all the year-round brides and housewives have made up their minds that pure Irish linen damask is the only kind they care to possess. The table damasks are beautiful; borders and centre designs are copied from Coalport china-ware; and the house linen holds its own against all comers. It is guaranteed pure, and is bleached by sun: the production being by old slow and gentle methods, the results are equal to the long-ago famous linens. In London it can be obtained from many shops such as Messrs. Peter Robinson, Harvey Nichols, and William Whiteley; but it is made only by the "Old Bleach Linen" Company, Ltd., Randalstown, Ireland. The trade-mark is stamped on every article,



WITH DESIGNS FROM COALPORT CHINA: A TABLE-CLOTH OF IRISH DAMASK. ("OLD BLEACH LINEN" CO.)

except table damasks, which have the mark woven in the four corners. The linen is therefore unmistakable, and the makers will replace goods with which, for a good reason, a purchaser may be dissatisfied.

[Continued overleaf.]

Pearl Necklets
a
Special Feature
£50
to
£10,000

Particulars on
Application.

ESTAB 1853

Wales & McCulloch

Watchmakers to The British Admiralty

Fine Diamond and Platinum Cluster Negligé Necklet, £45

Fine Diamond and Platinum Ring, £50

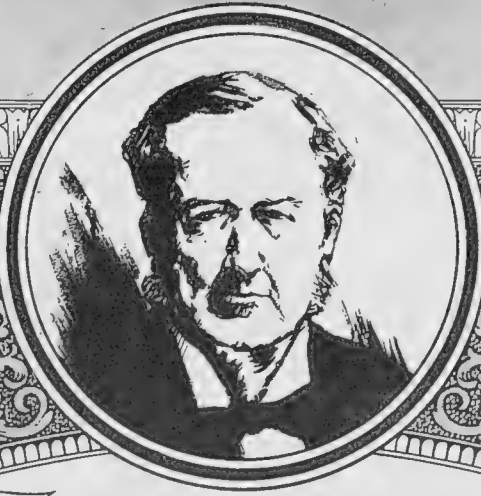
Fine Single Stone Diamond & Platinum Ring with Diamond Scroll mount, £125

Fine Diamond, Platinum, and Gold, best quality Lever Watch, with black silk band, £50

ONLY ADDRESS: 56, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2

Pearl Necklets
a
Special Feature
£50
to
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Application.



The National Restorative

In days of unparalleled anxiety, of gigantic effort and exhaustive struggle, Hall's Wine fully justified its title as "The National Tonic Restorative."

The great volume of testimony from doctors, nurses and patients, received during the War, is ample evidence of this—if evidence were needed. And no praise could be more telling or more convincing than that received from doctors. Hall's Wine is the prescription of a doctor, and it has always received the consistent support of doctors in the far-off days of untroubled peace, throughout the anxious times of war, and still more in the present era of reconstruction and new endeavour.

We give extracts from but a few of the letters received:

"I find Hall's Wine as a tonic vitalizer unqualified: that is my deliberate judgment upon this restorative."

"In general weakness and nerve weakness I have found Hall's Wine to be particularly efficacious."

"I certify that my patient . . . is deriving much benefit from Hall's Wine, and recommend that he be supplied further."

"In cases of Neurasthenic Debility following Influenza, Hall's Wine works wonders."

"I find Hall's Wine invaluable as a rapid and permanent pick-me-up in convalescence following illness."

"After the depressing effects of Influenza the restorative properties of Hall's Wine are marvellous."

Hall's Wine

Hall's Wine holds an unassailable position, and each day brings new evidence of its worth—new proof of its merits. The letters on our files are records of real human experience and personal conviction, and justify completely the claim that Hall's Wine is the supreme tonic restorative.

Every effort is being made to satisfy the increasing volume of orders for Hall's Wine, but as the demand still exceeds available supplies, the public are asked to have patience.

LARGE SIZE BOTTLE, 5/6

Of Wine Merchants & Grocers & Chemists with Wine Licences

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY, LIMITED,
BOW, LONDON, E.3

*Continued.***Anglo-American Trunk Association.**

Now that the world is free for travellers and that we move about our own little island, conveniences for packing are presents that everyone will appreciate. The Anglo-American Trunk Association, at 112, Southampton Row, and 52, Strand, is a place to acquire these. A man's fitted leather suit-case in nut-colour cowhide, with a full complement of ebony fittings, lined with grained leather, fitted with two nickel lever locks, and all hand-stitched, is a gift that looks like £25 and costs 15 guineas. A full-sized wardrobe trunk, with hangers for over half-a-dozen coats and dresses, having a bottom drawer for hats, and special compartment for boots, all of the very



IN NUT-COLOUR COWHIDE, WITH EBONY FITTINGS: A MAN'S LEATHER SUIT-CASE. (THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TRUNK ASSOCIATION.)

best, up-to-date, and most reliable materials, which will last hard wear for twenty years, is a splendid gift. It secures comfort in travelling, and can be used as an emergency wardrobe at home.

S. Smith and Sons.

When on the search for Christmas gifts, an early visit should be paid to Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square. Their handsome and reliable watches of all kinds form one field of choice that is always successful. Watch-bracelets are gifts that women keenly appreciate, and of these there is wide choice and excellent value. These suit all purses and all tastes. In jewellery, whether the quest be bracelets, necklets, rings, ear-rings, pendants, or hair-ornaments, all are shown in great variety and at very varied prices. It is a firm very satisfactory to deal with, as they lay themselves out thoroughly to please all their customers. They will take back in exchange any piece of jewellery, should their clients wish to avail themselves of such an offer.



USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL: A LUMINOUS WATCH-WRISTLET, AND RINGS OF BRILLIANTS, AND SAPPHIRE AND BRILLIANTS.

(S. SMITH AND SONS).

Pascall.

Decorations for Christmas-trees and Christmas dinner-tables cannot be complete without some of Pascall's boxes of sweets, and surprise packets of chocolate toys hanging on the branches of the trees, and their dainty Crème de Menthe pastilles, handed round with the fruit and coffee. The latter are a real aid to digestion, and can therefore be enjoyed at any time; and although non-alcoholic, they possess the true liqueur flavour. Messrs. Pascall's world-renowned confectionery can be had from all leading stores, and their old-fashioned sweets, which can now be bought at a reasonable price, will be enjoyed by the youngsters during their Christmas holidays. Parents can buy Pascall's sweets with a clear conscience, knowing they are pure and perfectly harmless for the most delicate child. The "grown-ups," too, always enjoy Christmastide confectionery, and a big store of chocolates and "goodies" of hifferent kinds is indispensable to any seasonable festivity; so that dostesses would be well advised to lay in a supply.

"Unusually Nice!"

Barker & Dobson's Lunch Chocolate has a place at table secured by its fascinating flavour. It is aptly described as the unusually nice chocolate, and it is so because of its sterling quality.

BARKER & DOBSON'S
Lunch Chocolate
Sterling Quality

may now be obtained at almost every confectioner's throughout the land in its well-known yellow packages. Prices—9d., 1/6 and 3/-

"Joins with the dessert at any well-served dinner."

Manufactured by
BARKER & DOBSON, Ltd., at their
Chocolate Works, Everton, Liverpool, where
is also manufactured Barker & Dobson's
Genuine Everton Toffee.

**"Now-a-days—
it's BARKER & DOBSON'S."**



By Appointment



to H.M. the King.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

BY THE PROPRIETORS OF

NESTLÉ'S & IDEAL MILK

While it is generally known that we have consistently kept down the price of the best quality Condensed Milk in the world, it is not so generally appreciated that at the present control prices, the cost alone of the fresh milk and pure sugar in a tin of Nestlé's Milk produced in England during the winter months is actually more than 1/1½. This means that, when the cost of tins, labels, cases, labour, wholesale and retail profits and distribution charges are added there is an actual loss to the firm of 3½d. per tin.

By restricting sales during the Spring and Summer, when fresh milk is cheaper and more plentiful, we have been able to keep our prices low during the Autumn and Winter, when fresh milk is scarce and dear. This is the reason why Nestlé's can now be retailed at 1/3 per tin—a price which is based on our average cost of production, here and in other countries, over the whole of 1919.

This has brought about the extraordinary results of unknown brands of inferior quality being offered to the Public at our advertised prices, which is only possible because Great Britain is the one civilised country in the world which has no legal standard as to what "Condensed Milk" means.

Consequently in the present position of food scarcity the *maximum* retail prices fixed by the Food Controller become also the *minimum*, with the result that, whether it is the *highest possible quality*, such as Nestlé's or "Ideal," or the many inferior unknown brands which appeared during the scarcity, *the price is the same to the public*, and there is no protection at all for them except that afforded by the old-established brands—NESTLÉ'S and "IDEAL."

The wave of unrest that has arisen is largely due to high prices and particularly that of fresh milk at 11d. and 1/- a quart (to which it has been raised from the 8d. per quart charged during the Summer). Since 1st November, although it contains a quart of fresh milk, Nestlé's has only been increased a ½d. per tin to meet the increased cost of sugar and the price of "Ideal" has not been changed at all.

The Retail price of Fresh Milk is now three times as high as it was in 1914, Sugar is five times as high, whilst Nestlé's is only two and a half times its cost in 1914. "Ideal" (containing no sugar) costs now only twice as much as it did in 1914.

This benefit to the public is because we have been quite satisfied to increase our trade, and increased earnings have been due solely to this increase, but our *ratio* of profit has been during the war—and still is—*much less than in 1914.*

We feel sure that this announcement will interest the consumer and will lead to an increased demand for the best articles only, which demand we hope to be able to meet, seeing that the average *daily* supply of about 400,000 tins of our milk for the Navy and Army through 4½ years of war has now been "demobbed" for civilian use.

Whatever their country of origin, NONE OF THE CREAM in the original milk is EVER removed from Nestlé's or "Ideal."

With more than 50 years' experience and good will behind every tin, you get the very best value that money can buy when you purchase Nestlé's and "Ideal"—the result of specialisation, which is unobtainable where a variety of dissimilar articles are produced by what may be called Universal Providers.

When you pay the *maximum* price fixed by Government Control you also want the *maximum quality and value.* Anything less is at your expense!

One reason why inferior brands can be more cheaply produced is that more water is left in, so that you pay for water at the price of milk.

Appearances are deceptive to the casual purchaser, so beware of imitations even in larger tins; they may be more remunerative to the trader, but they will certainly cause disappointment to the consumer.

Send us a line if you are unable to obtain adequate supplies of

NESTLÉ'S MILK

CASH PRICE **1/3** PER TIN

IDEAL MILK

CASH PRICE **11^D** PER TIN

It is illegal to sell above these prices.

NESTLÉ & ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 6-8 EASTCHEAP, LONDON. E.C.3

Continued from page 360.

Golden Melody's win in the Delamere Handicap (2 miles) on the preceding Thursday set the seal upon the opinion that a good many people had of him as a high-couraged, honest performer, and, seeing the kind of blizzard through which he had to come, it was a testimonial to his staunchness. It is noteworthy that almost every horse that ran in this race is likely to be seen out under N.H. Rules, the principal stars being, of course, the winner, St. Eloi, and Ivanhoe, all three of whom are not novices in the hurdling industry. There is no reason why any one of these three should not be in the absolute first rank over the bigger obstacles.

In this regard I hear the best possible accounts of Poethlyn, and that his connections consider that a second win in succession over Aintree is by no means beyond the range of the possibilities. It has been done before, so why should it not be done again? Abd el Kader won twice running, in 1850 and 1851; and The Colonel accomplished the same thing in 1869 and 1870, his two successes dividing The Lamb's two wins (1868 and 1871); and then we have Manifesto, who also won twice, Drogheda's win in 1898 dividing that great horse's two successes. In this year's National, Poethlyn won so easily and in such faultless style that he has every claim to be considered one of the 'chasers of a century. In his box after the race he was so little distressed that he would not, as the saying is, have blown snuff off a sixpence. And, if anything should go amiss with him, they certainly have one other horse in the same stable good enough to win any ordinary National—namely, Pollen—whose recent performance at the Sefton, in which he ran second, plainly showed that he has forgotten nothing and is as good a jumper as ever.

Then there is Clonree, the brilliant young Irishman, and he may, for aught we know, prove to be a thorn in the side of the best of them. He beat Pollen as easily over the distance of the Sefton Steeplechase as Poethlyn beat him in the last Grand National. We may see other stars arise before March, for, because at the moment there seem to be more high-class hurdlers than steeplechasers, I am sufficiently an optimist to believe that there are always as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. In any case, the presence of three such undoubted performers as Poethlyn, Pollen, and Clonree in the big 'chase will make for an interesting contest. All three horses jump their fences like really first-class hunters; and for Aintree, of all the courses in the world, this is what is required. A

good hunter is taught not to take chances, and he rarely does so; and a horse that aspires to be a top-notch over Aintree has got to be made on the same lines, for I have always regarded the National as more nearly approximating to a fast gallop with hounds than a steeplechase.

The unfavourable demonstration that the crowd indulged in at Warwick the other day after the favourite had been beaten for the Warwick Corinthian Handicap (a 1½-mile flat race) will not, I hope, leave any lasting effect on the unfortunate victim, young Mr. Bulteel, who was beaten a short head by Mr. Misa, who is an old hand, for crowds are usually unkind things and make no allowances. The "Corinthian" talent of to-day, with one or two brilliant exceptions, is not of a high order, and on the flat it is never very high. It is usually over fences where the gentleman rider finds that he can hold his own with the "professors," and this is only a natural result, because weight precludes the amateur getting the practice he needs on the flat, whereas under N.H. Rules he has many more opportunities. The hunting-field has given us most of the great top-sawyers of the past, and, if more of the aspirants to fame between the flags rode to hounds to-day, we should find the supply as good as ever it was. As a matter of actual fact, it is not, because far fewer people hunt to-day than were out in the days when the Roddy Owens, Bewickes, Cunninghams, etc., were plentiful. The tremendously increased expense of hunting has, no doubt, a great deal to do with it; but I am certain that the new wine will be forthcoming eventually, for a love of this particular form of sport is inbred in our race. On the flat, I do not believe more than one gentleman rider in every hundred has a chance of attaining to even moderate competence; but over fences the whole world is his oyster, and there is no reason on earth why he should not again keep his end up against the very best of the "pros."

I observe that some of one's confrères are asking why Lord D'Abernon and Mr. Frank Curzon should take it upon themselves to try to teach the Stewards of the Jockey Club to suck eggs where racing is concerned. I do not think that this criticism is a fair one; and, further, I am not aware that either Lord D'Abernon or Mr. Curzon set out with that idea in their minds.

Lord D'Abernon, as a member of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, was invited by the Committee of Inquiry established

[Continued overleaf.]

Eve's Wonderful Success

"EVE'S" welcome has been truly remarkable. With light joyousness she has danced into the heart of her every reader, and there she will stay.

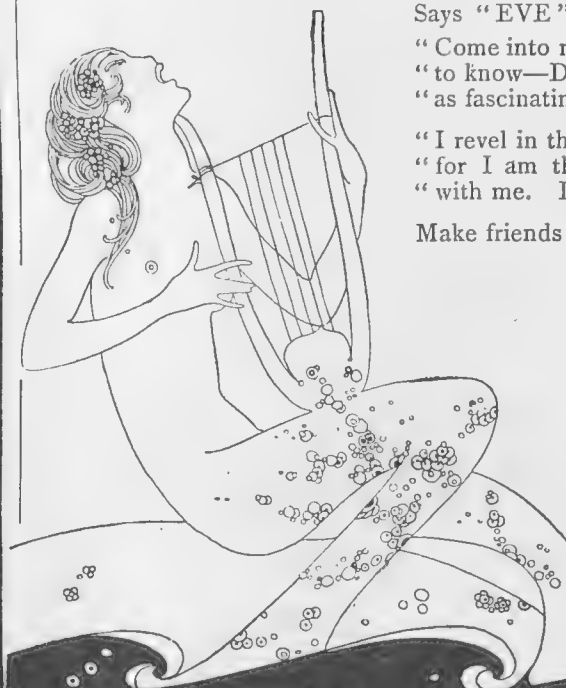
"EVE" is the wonderful new monthly. No. 1 was sold out in three days and No. 2 is, if anything, better than No. 1. If you missed No. 1 make sure of No. 2. Give an order to your Newsagent at once. If you *do* have difficulty write to the publishers.

Says "EVE":

"Come into my boudoir and I'll make you wise about heaps of things you ought to know—Dress—the Play—Society's Intrigues, and lots of other matters just as fascinating.

"I revel in the good things of life and have a horror of anything that's drab, for I am the modern 'EVE' and Bohemia is my home. Come and stay with me. Let me be your friend and we'll 'fox-trot' through life together."

Make friends with "EVE"—you will find her altogether delightful.



EVE

The New Paper for
Modern Women

No. 2. Ready Dec. 12th
One Shilling Monthly

Published by
The Sphere & Tatler, Ltd.,
6, Gt. New Street, London, E.C. 4.



Tempting!

CHOICE Cigarettes are always a much appreciated Christmas Gift by Society Men—and Women, but a 100 box of “Kiamil” Cigarettes reflects not only good will but the good judgment of a Connoisseur.


Society has set the seal of its approval on “Kiamils”—they are the vogue in the West End.

Egyptian	100 for 12/6
Turkish	100 „ 11/3
Virginia	100 „ 9/6
American	100 „ 8/3

Also obtainable in 50's, 25's and 20's.

Of all High-class Tobacconists and Stores.

Sole Manufacturer:
J. CLEMENT,
59 Eastcheap, E.C.3.

**RELIABLE
RAINHARD
DEXTER**

holds fast to his two parallel standards of weather-coat-worth . . . Service and Style.



Service in the long life of the Dexter Weathercoat . . . in its unrivalled weather-protection . . . proofed against time as well as weather.

Style in the Dexter's grace of line . . . in its fine hand-tailoring . . . in the thoroughbred look that never leaves it however hard-worn.

DEXTER
WEATHERPROOFS

Leading Outfitters Everywhere

WALLACE SCOTT & CO. LTD.
GATHCART, GLASGOW
WHOLESALE ONLY

Continued.]

by the Jockey Club to inquire into, amongst other matters, the receipts of racecourse companies and the added money given, etc., to give his views, and he did so. His Lordship's opinions, I take leave to think, are eminently those of the public in the first place, and of the owner in the second, and he is as much entitled to give full expression to them as you or I. Lord D'Abernon has said that he thinks that, so far as public comfort goes at the majority of our courses, it is non-existent. He has also said that owners provide 62 per cent. of the money which is raced for, and he has said that he thinks it is about time that there was some alteration. Lord D'Abernon has also said that he does not see why the Jockey Club Stewards should not recognise betting, register bookmakers, and also have the "Totalisator." He has pointed out that the Stewards do, as a matter of fact, take cognisance of betting, because they blacklist any defaulter for bets who is handed up to them by Tattersall's Committee. Wherein, then, does his offence lie?

The fact that the indictment of our antiquated methods is an all-embracing one does not stamp it as "pernickety" or unduly captious. Lord D'Abernon says that if racing is to continue to be popular it must be made more comfortable. He drew a parallel with racing in France. In these



DANCING THE "KI-KI-KAN": Mlle. DELYSIA (OF THE PAVILION) AND M. JEAN CASTANER (OF THE ADELPHI).

Mlle. Delysia, who is playing lead in "Afgar," at the London Pavilion, is interested in the Ki-Ki-Kan, a dance which M. Jean Castaner, of the "Who's Hooper?" company at the Adelphi, is introducing as a novelty to London ball-rooms. He and his assistants instruct dozens of pupils daily in the Ki-Ki-Kan at the Portman Rooms. In the year of the Tango boom, M. Castaner won the championships for the Tango and the Maxixe Brésilien, at the Folies-Bergère in Paris.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

notes a parallel with racing in other countries than France has also been drawn. A Melbourne or a Sydney crowd would not stand the discomfort that an English crowd accepts, neither would any Indian racing crowd. I think it is high time that Lord D'Abernon's recommendations were given full effect, and that meetings at which little if any attempt is made to ensure the comfort of the racegoer and the interest of the owner should be given short shrift by the supreme governing body.

"There is many a slip between the cup and the lip"; but there is none between Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and the tooth-brush. It slips naturally on to it—any child can use it without fear of disaster; and it is therefore a blessing to anxious mothers, who wish to encourage the kiddies to cleanse their teeth regularly. The flavour is so delicious that it conquers any disinclination a child may have to use a dentifrice. Its antiseptic qualities are guaranteed, and it cannot, therefore, be too highly recommended. Its regular use by old and young helps everyone to have sound and healthy teeth. "Colgate and Co." have been established for over a century, and at their London address, 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., as well as from all chemists, the dentifrice can be obtained—so there is no difficulty in getting a supply.

The surest safeguard to the complexion—

Beyond a doubt the regular application of Beetham's La-rola is the surest method of preserving and improving the skin and complexion and guarding them against the damaging effects of exposure to frost, cold winds and sudden changes of temperature.

La-rola is a skin emollient composed of special ingredients which nourish the delicate skin tissues and effectively remove and prevent all roughness, redness, chaps, etc. A little of Beetham's La-rola rubbed into the face and hands night and morning keeps the skin and complexion in perfect condition and imparts an exquisite sense of freshness and cleanliness. Keep a bottle in your bathroom, and use it regularly night and morning, then you need never worry about your complexion!

From all Chemists and Stores in bottles, 1/3, 2/3, and 3/-.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes, 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON,
Cheltenham Spa, England

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

(With Glycerine)

QUALITY

J. W. BENSON, LTD.

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- 1st** Boillot on Peugeot Car with **PIRELLI** Tyres.
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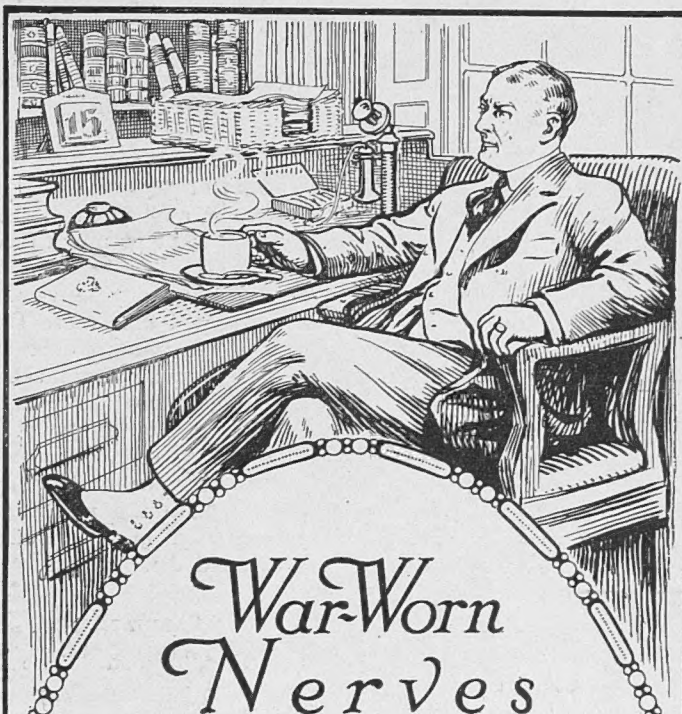
- 1st** Aug. 24th, 1919, Fanø Island: Minoia on Fiat Car with **PIRELLI** Tyres.
1st Aug. 24th, 1919, Denmark, Match between an Aeroplane and an Automobile—Minoia on Fiat Car with **PIRELLI** Tyres.
1st October 5th, 1919, Parma—Poggio di Berceto: Ascari on Fiat Car with **PIRELLI** Tyres.
1st Oct. 26th, 1919, Consuma Automobile Race: Ascari on Fiat Car with **PIRELLI** Tyres.
1st Nov. 23rd, 1919, Targa Florio: Boillot on Peugeot Car with **PIRELLI** Tyres.

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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

DURING October this Insurance Company increased its interim dividend to 20s. per share, as against 17s. for the previous year, and subsequently announced the extremely satisfactory terms of amalgamation with the Liverpool and London and Globe. The Company is now the most important of all the British Insurance offices.

For last year 36s. a share, less tax, was paid, and there remained a balance of net interest on investments of £15,000, and £294,468 was taken from the undivided profits and applied in discharge of £1 of the liability on the shares. With a total premium income of over £9,000,000, and a net trading profit of £1,376,000, it was, especially in its Fire business, in a remarkably strong position. Since the amalgamation referred to above, it will take more than the combination of the next two largest companies to oust it from the top of the list. The shares have not moved very much lately, and can be bought at about 48½. At this figure they are a most attractive purchase, and one of the cheapest in this group. They are to be sub-divided into two shares of £5 each (25s. paid). A substantial number will be issued to the Liverpool and London and Globe shareholders, which should also help the market; while the saving in expenses should be reflected in the profits, and eventually, without doubt, in the dividend distributions.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Less than a month from Christmas," groaned The Broker, "and here am I as busy as ever."

"Well, I'll be—be—bothered!" and The Jobber glanced round to see who might be listening. "Fancy grousing about being busy!"

"Your fault," retorted The Broker. "It's all your beastly Rubber Market, with its fifty shares at one-ten-and-eleven-three. My office is simply congested with work that doesn't pay. Clerks worked to death; come up Saturdays; glorious muddles over rights and dividends. Oh, lor!"

"There must be good business in the Rubber Market; all the same," remarked The Merchant. "Some of the shares stand at decent prices."

"Funny how Rubber Trusts keep up, isn't it? I suppose it is because of their tea interests?"

"There's something else in the wind," nodded The Jobber. "I don't know what it is myself, so I won't pretend to be mysterious."

The Solicitor said he had heard hints of a bonus of some kind. "Doesn't sound very likely," doubted The Jobber. "No; I think it must be different from that, but I shouldn't put off anyone who wanted to buy them."

"Do you think the Anglo-Dutch directors will shell out any of the million and a-half cash the Dutchmen paid?"

"Quite impossible to say. I think it will be a mistake if they don't."

"They might give us five shillings a share," said The Engineer. "What did you get in at?"

"Not far off the top, but I don't mind that. They will come all right. Java Investments, too."

"Any of the high-price shares worth touching?"

"Castlefields, when you can get hold of them. A first-class Rubber investment. And Tandjongs and Sialangs."

"Better than Oil?" asked The Engineer.

"Same old question," The Jobber replied. "Brokie, do you keep a typed answer for clients who ask you this?"

The Broker did more than smile. He grinned. Just like the Cheshire Cat.

"Wouldn't be any use. Everybody now wants to know whether Oils are better than—anything you like, from War Loan to West Africans."

"The day must surely come," said The Banker, "when the public will want dividends once more instead of mere speculations. My own theory is that we shall see a change in financial fashion before very long."

"I doubt if it will come while prices of the speculative things keep on going up as they do."

"I told you all to buy Cunards and Dunlops," The Broker reminded them.

"Oh, how about Dunlops?" cried The Engineer. "I've a good profit. Ought I to take it?"

"Never refuse a good profit," was The Broker's sage advice. "Still, I think you might wait until the new issue is over."

"Then I shall sell half, and take up the new," declared The Engineer. "Will you sell fifty for me? They're in my bank's name."

The Banker looked at him as though reproachfully, over the top of his gold-rimmed spectacles. But whatever he was thinking, he kept it to himself.

(Continued overleaf.)



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Pascall Crème de Menthes are so delicious, so different from ordinary sweets, that they have become the sweet for any time and all times.

Whatever other sweets you buy, include a tin of

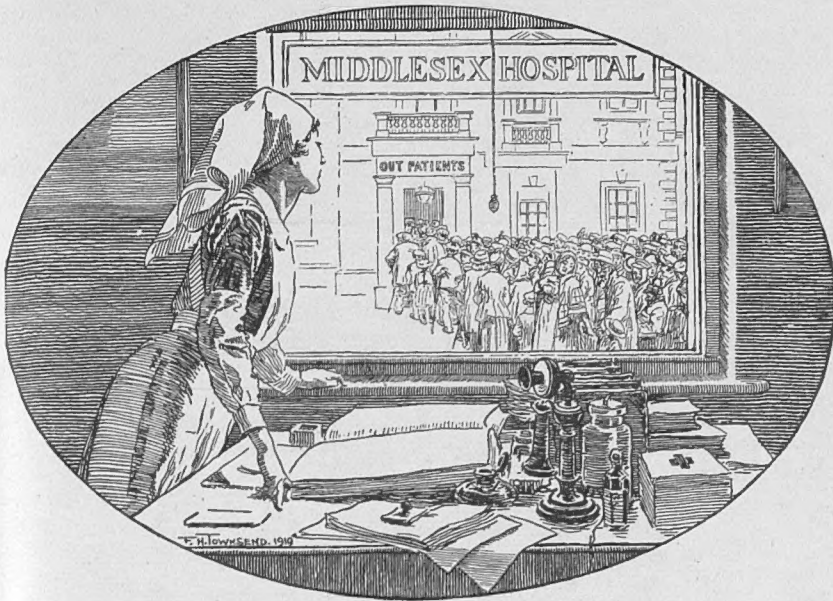
Pascall
CRÈME DE MENTHE
NON-ALCOHOLIC

1/4 and 2/6 Tins. Of Confectioners.
JAMES PASCALL, LTD., LONDON, S.E.

Try also Pascall
"Bitter-Sweets"
Chocolates.



This scene, by Mr. F. H. Townsend, the eminent "Punch" Artist, sketched from a wing in the Hospital, gives a vivid idea of our great need.



*Oh! please don't
send them away!*

If this pathetic cry stirs an echo in **your** heart, let your hand respond. **£200,000** is required. A large sum, but "*every little helps.*"

Every effort is being made to have this sum ready to hand to the Prince of Wales, who will preside at our Festival at the Savoy Hotel on December 9th. Help to have it ready.

Send your gift at once to

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MIDDLESEX
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To the Earl of Athlone, Chairman, Middlesex Hospital,
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I enclose herewith Cheque for £.....
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SOUTHAMPTON,**
or
**3, Ranelagh St.,
LIVERPOOL.**



Continued.]

The others noticed, with a quiet amusement. Which was succeeded by disappointment.

"Your old Kaffir Market's good," said The Solicitor at length. "Wish I'd followed you there as well. I suppose you've made a lot of money?"

"My fate is never to make money for myself," was the melancholy reply. "For other people, yes—"

"Sometimes," The Jobber added.

"For myself, nev—well, rarely. All we brokers are like that," and the nimbus was well-nigh visible round his immaculate topper.

"Cheer up, old chap," The Solicitor begged. "If you always make money for your friends—"

"Not all of 'em," added The Jobber again.

"—What a splendid clientèle you must have by now."

"They don't always remember," murmured Hamlet. "Specially about Christmas-time," he continued, looking straight up into the air.

"I expect they lose your labels," and The Solicitor laughed again.

"But what's the thing to do in Kaffirs?"

"Buy them when I told you to, a month ago."

They all chaffed him.

"That accounts for the famous clientèle."

"Now we know why your staff is worked to death."

"Is this why your enormous business doesn't pay?"

The Broker was entirely unmoved.

"You can buy yourselves Kaffirs still," he told them. "Modder Deep, Government Areas, Goldfields, Randfontein—"

"Pull the string, and the bull will bellow!"

"Say what you like, it won't disturb me. And by-and-by you'll all be complaining that I never tell you how to make money."

"Easy enough to make money," retorted The Jobber. "The difficulty is to pass it."

"Wasn't it Charles the Second who started that joke?" inquired The Engineer. "By the way, when this foundries' strike has blown over, I think there will be something doing in things like Pease and Partners, Powell Duffryns—"

"How about the one-and-twopence profit limit on coal?"

"Sure to be modified some way or another. You take my word for it. The country can't afford to have the coal industry stifled and cramped. Coal is getting as scarce as—as—"

"Housemaids," The Jobber suggested.

"I thank thee for that word. As scarce as housemaids, or whisky, and we must have it if trade is to be encouraged. Even the Government can see that."

"It's mighty little use trusting to what the ordinary man expects the Government to see," complained The Solicitor. "If you'd had as much to do with Government departments during the war as I have, you'd know that."

"Oh, well, we all of us have had our little Income-Tax troubles," laughed The Jobber, getting up to go.

"Little income-tax!" exclaimed The Broker. "I like that 'Little'!"

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who is the shipping magnate who buys all the Anglo-Argentine Tramway Debentures which come into the market?

Whether the rumours about the Criterion Restaurant won't prove to be well founded, in spite of denials?

And about J. C. and J. Fields?

Who was the broker who offered 50 to 1 that Uroz Oilfield shares would touch five? And whether he wouldn't have got better odds by buying the shares?

Why the pool in these shares wants to sell at all, if the properties are as rich as they are made out to be. And when they'll want more money.

Who is the Mincing Lane dealer with 5000 Burmah Corporations which cost him about 4½; and what he says when anyone suggests that he should sell them?

What the broker thinks who didn't take the same tip, and whether he didn't sell his Bengal Iron and Steel too soon.

Whether Home Rails aren't much too cheap.

Friday, Nov. 28, 1919.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

N. W. K.—(1) Quite sound; (2) The yield is low, but the security above reproach.

SIGNOR.—We have replied through the post.

R. R.—We can suggest no alterations to your list unless you are willing to take bigger risks.

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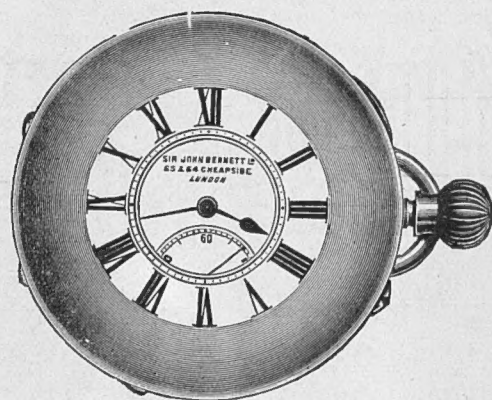
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